VOLUME 156 NUMBER 10

LOOKING FORWARD

REGULAR readers of The Outlook who have been following the reports of Dr. Fall, contributor of our Stream of Business page, cannot fail to have been impressed by the universal determination to beat the business depression. Times may be bad—admittedly are—but the spirit of the country remains untouched.

CONCEDING the importance, the necessity, in fact, of a favorable economic groundwork upon which to build any real return to a reasonable prosperity, it is this spirit, nevertheless, which will eventually determine the length of time before a genuine business upswing takes place. A man who is frightened cannot do anything, even in the most favorable circumstances. A man who is untouched by fear can forge ahead amid correspondingly discouraging surroundings.

CERTAINLY no man who is beset by the fear that he may be out of a job six months from now will increase his liabilities, spend any of the money he has saved, or even make the necessary additions to his business or his house or his possessions, whether in the line of equipment or buildings or even replacements. He will sit tight. Appeals to him to "Buy Now" will fall on ears nearly as deaf as those of the men who are already out of work. He will run his old car, pay his bills gradually, and scold his wife for the smallest purchase.

BUT convince him that he has nothing really to fear in the future, that in addition the prices of things are again reasonably low and, above all, that other people have also come to the same conclusion and are about to take advantage of the situation—and he will cease living the life of a miser, spend normally and thus produce a normal prosperity.

THE spirit of a country, alone, can and does make the difference between a miserly civilization and a spendthrift one, no matter what the plant capacity of the country may be. It is a fact Americans can consider with profit at this particular moment.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

November 5, 1930

The Trend of Events

Coolidge for Censor

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD finds an empty space in our National Gallery of Guardian Angels. We haven't any national censor of theatrical productions. So Mr. Ziegfeld fills the space with the proper portrait. The portrait of a man with "breadth of vision," who could "by cold deliberation determine whether a performance was suitable . . . . to a variety of tastes." Of a man whose name is magic, whose opinions are practical, whose knowledge of the theatre is negligible, who would rate a salary of $150,000 a year—a man with pale blue eyes, a thin mouth and influence for good. Not Bishop Cannon. Not the Bishop, but that well-known author, politician, property-owner, journalist, insurance official and man-about-the-country — Calvin Coolidge. The Ex-President For Difficult Jobs.

Depressing as the idea is, from a producer's standpoint it is probably sound. Mr. Ziegfeld has had his left hand in Hollywood ever since the advent of the talkies. The Father of the Follies is nobody's fool. He has seen how effectively the motion picture industry quashed censorship problems by installing a high-priced figurehead to prate of its morals and bluff the public into a feeling of security. His guess is that the theatre would save time, worry and expense by following the example of the movies.

The job would fit Mr. Coolidge to a T. It would be profitable and easy. Mr. Coolidge has no specialized background, experience or taste to interfere with the "cold deliberation" of his judgments. And once the public felt that its favorite dam-dedicator and honorary Indian chief had purified its shows, the theatre would be able, as the movies have been able, to get away with murder.

Silence

APPLAUSE for Hiram Percy Maxim, silencer. Mr. Maxim's latest invention is a device fitting into open windows which prevents noise from entering and at the same time permits proper ventilation. An electric fan forms a part of the device and may be used either for expelling air from or drawing it into the room.

Hospitals, office buildings and hotels undoubtedly will be the first to install the new silencer, but it also holds promise of paradise for the average city dweller. If the device can be manufactured cheaply enough, all homes and apartment houses in congested districts may soon have them. The riveter, the bounding garbage can, the police whistle, the neighbor's radio, the fruit vendor, the airplane motor, the sirens of fire trucks, ambulances and police wagons, the honking and backfiring of today may be nothing but the memories of tomorrow.

May tomorrow come. Heaven speed it. Tomorrow the insomniac may sleep, the nervous person relax and the brain worker concentrate. It may be lonely tomorrow, when we are all shut away from the noises which man has labored so many centuries to assemble, but it will be worth it. If the great silence proves oppressive at first, it will always be possible to lean out the window and feast our ears on the familiar scream of flat-wheeled trolleys and the screech of automobile brakes.

Naval Treaty Ballyhoo

THE CEREMONY of depositing ratifications of the naval treaty in London inevitably involved a world-wide radio hook-up. The treaty was born and bred with more ballyhoo than would be needed to publicize an ultra-modern beard-softener. The log-sitting by Premier MacDonald and President Hoover, the repeated talks across the sea during the London conference and the mad rush of the Japanese ratification by steamer and airplane last month all helped to form the background for the three-point radio ritual.

President Hoover addressed a microphone in Washington; Premier Hamaguchi addressed one in Tokio; Premier MacDonald addressed one in London. The three speakers agreed that the treaty marked a momentous step toward disarmament. Looking forward to the November 6 meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations, they attempted to stand as one for more conferences, more treaties and more disarmament. Yet even the optimistic Mr. Hoover and the idealistic Mr. MacDonald admitted that there were two huge flies in the ointment.

They spoke of France and Italy, who sent representatives to the London Naval Conference, disagreed fundamentally and in effect withdrew to let the British, Americans and Japanese write the treaty by themselves. Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald had hopes that France and Italy would add their signatures to the treaty—hopes as futile as their attempt to convince the world that the treaty, good enough as far as it went, had opened "a new era in naval affairs." For France and Italy seem no nearer

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agreement than they were a year ago, and under a treaty which lacks the participation of those two countries, disarmament remains a word rather than a reality. The United States, for example, will have to spend some 989 million dollars if it is to reach the maximum strength allowed it at London. Moreover, the treaty allows the United States, Great Britain and Japan to start extra naval building whenever France or Italy does. The treaty discourages competitive building by the three principal naval powers, but until France and Italy enter the agreement there will be no real occasion for rejoicing.

▶▶*Luis Out*

THE FALL of the Federal government in Brazil has shown again that the power of a South American President depends upon the loyalty of his troops. The Brazilian revolution was launched on October 3 to depose a President who, like the Presidents of Bolivia, Peru and Argentina, had assumed dictatorial powers. Unlike the revolutionists in those three countries, who succeded immediately, the Brazilian rebels met a strongly entrenched President, Washington Luis Pereira de Souza.

Though one after another of Brazil's twenty states was soon swept into rebel control, President Luis held sway in the important states and cities of Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo. He was able to buy airplanes in the United States, marshal his troops by the thousands, and march them out to meet rebel armies advancing from the rebel states of Minas Geraes and Rio Grande do Sul.

On October 22 President Luis seemed slated to gain the upper hand. His armies had held their ground and his ambassador at Washington, Señor S. Gurgel do Amaral, had persuaded Secretary Stimson to declare an embargo against arms shipments to the rebels from the United States. The deluge came two days later, shortly before a summer dawn. Led by a group of army and naval officers at Rio de Janeiro, large sections of Federal troops began revolting. Within an hour President Luis heard musketry fire at Fort Copabana on the edge of the capital city and barricaded himself in Guanabara Palace.

There he received an ultimatum from a military junta which, disclaiming collusion with the rebels, demanded his resignation in order to stop the civil war destroying Brazilian lives and property. First resisting, then yielding, the President was whisked under heavy guard to Fort Copabana, whereupon the junta set up a provisional government, ordered all troops to cease firing, and asked the rebel leaders to discuss terms of peace. By three o'clock that afternoon Rio de Janeiro was rejoicing, Brazilian bonds were regaining part of their losses in Wall Street, and a branch of the provisional government had been set up at Sao Paulo. Within another hour the junta forces at Rio had run into a sea of trouble by firing upon a German liner trying to slip from the harbor and killing a score of German and Spanish citizens.

International

UP IN BRAZIL

Getulio Vargas, rebel leader, becomes provisional President of Brazil

▶▶*Vargas In*

WHEN PRESIDENT LUIS was overthrown, there immediately arose the question of who was to control the provisional government. While the military junta, which accomplished the actual *coup d'etat* in Rio de Janeiro, had hopes of directing the government until elections could be held, the rebels in the field were determined that Dr. Getulio Vargas should assume the leadership at once.

Dr. Vargas was defeated for the presidency in the last election by Dr. Julio Prestes, protégé of Luis, and beneficiary, the rebels maintained, of scandalous frauds. He was, moreover, commander-in-chief of the revolutionary forces whose political motive was to prevent the inauguration of Dr. Prestes and force the inauguration of Dr. Vargas. With the Federal armies disbanding and the rebel armies standing firm, the military junta was forced to acquiesce, to make Dr. Vargas provisional President, and to invite him to Rio de Janeiro. This created the problem of whether Dr. Vargas should seek to prove that the last election was fraudulent, thereby securing the presidency without further ado, or should call a special election, in which, of course, he would be the most likely candidate.

Amid the uncertainty in Brazil the United States faced the disadvantage of having backed the defeated government just two days before its fall. Secretary Stimson justified the embargo against arms shipments to the rebels on the ground that it was proclaimed in accordance with accepted principles of international law. Other nations, less legalistic and more practical, had bided their time, declared no embargoes and waited for the turn of the revolution. Hence those nations stand to gain trade from the 40 million Brazilians while the United States stands to lose trade as the result of Mr. Stimson's unfortunate, and, as matters turned out, farcical proclamation.

▶▶*Stratosphere Plane*

IT APPEARS that the Junkers company in Germany is working on an airplane designed to attain a speed of something over five hundred miles an hour and capable of traveling from Berlin to New York in about six hours. If nothing goes astray, and much may, the flights will be made in the "stratosphere," or at a height of seven or eight miles, where the atmosphere is rarefied to about one-fifth of its density at the surface of the earth. Herein lies the hope of high speed. In fact, a plane flying in air of such low density must maintain such speed in order to fly efficiently.

While aviators have already attained an elevation of about eight miles, there is a vast difference between forcing a plane of ordinary design to this height and flying one there for hours at a time. The latter achievement will require radical alterations to the plane which will perforce unfit it for low-level flying. Thus it will function as inefficiently near the earth as other planes do when making the final climb for an altitude record.

How will the passengers in a stratosphere plane survive? The motors, which need oxygen as much as the passengers,

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can get it from the existing supercharger—simply an air compressor—but it may prove less convenient to apply air compressors to the passengers. Yet if this practical problem can be solved, and with it the problem of fifty or sixty degrees sub-zero cold, what an ideal medium for flying the eight-mile level will make. The aviator may have absolute assurance that winter or summer conditions will be uniform. At eight miles, there are no clouds, fogs or rains. The sun shines unvaryingly by day and at night the stars furnish dependable guidance to the navigator. The one big bugbear to the stratosphere flier will be getting out of the low levels and getting through them to the earth again. He will be like the sailor at sea in a tempest, who fears not the storm but the shore. Airplane designers have had stratosphere flying in mind for years, but largely as a dream of the distant future. Evidently the Germans have stolen a march.

▶▶Col. Woods Gets Going

THE ADMINISTRATION POLICY of minimizing unemployment probably disappeared when Mr. Hoover made Colonel Arthur Woods national director of relief for the jobless, whose number Washington now estimates at 3,500,000. The appointee's experience and ability qualify him admirably for the project in hand. Colonel Woods was selected by Secretary Baker to direct an organization aiding ex-service men to re-establish themselves in civil life after the War and served as chairman of the President's national unemployment commission in 1921-22.

Accepting the new appointment at a telephone in New York, where he was once Police Commissioner, Colonel Woods went to Washington next afternoon, conferred with Mr. Hoover within an hour after his arrival, and emerged from the White House declaring that he could prevent the "threatened human misery" through a "combination of created jobs and properly supervised relief work for the neediest cases."

He purposed to attack his two-fold task by asking for the co-operation of industrial leaders and by making use of all available state, municipal and county agencies. Setting about the erection of his organizations, he suggested to them means of providing more jobs and supervised their work to prevent overlapping. He then appeared before the microphone and asked the nation's twenty-four million home owners to stop hoarding and start spending money on permanent improvements. On November 4, he reminded the country, the various state electorates will vote for or against bond issues involving the construction of about 450,000,000 dollars' worth of public works. He stressed the fact that these public works would create thousands of jobs and advised the voters to favor them wherever they are sound. Altogether, he has made a business-like and vigorous approach to an extremely difficult task.

▶▶War on Unemployment

WHILE COLONEL WOODS was laying his foundation, specific relief plans were announced by various industrial leaders and heads of municipal, state and federal departments. The industrial and federal plans are largely concerned with creating more jobs or with staggering existing jobs. The municipalities and states are seeking not only to make jobs but to alleviate the distress of idle men and their families.

Wide World

JOB-HUNTER
Colonel Arthur Woods, director of national unemployment campaign

With the re-opening of a few plants which had been closed for months and the resumed operation of other plants on full time, optimistic notes were struck by several of America's leading business men, including John J. Raskob, Charles M. Schwab and James A. Farrell. Moreover, many encouraging signs were noted in a statement on business conditions during the first nine months of 1930, issued by Chairman Barnes of the Hoover National Business Survey Conference. Again, in Washington, Postmaster General Brown, prompted by Mr. Hoover, decided to give the 20,000 extra-mail jobs of the Christmas season to the needy unemployed rather than to college boys and girls, as heretofore.

Meanwhile, Governor Roosevelt was planning to open New York State's armories to the homeless, New York City was preparing to feed twelve or fifteen thousand of the idle, Boston (emulating New York, Chicago and Cleveland) was appropriating $1,000,000 for unemployment relief and Philadelphia was inaugurating a determined "buy now" campaign. Detroit, Milwaukee, Kansas City and Chicago were rushing their own plans, which were being imitated in many other cities. In fact, the entire American scene resembled that of a country going to war, with drives, committees, canvasses and even a firm here and there supplying its employees with buttons bearing such slogans as "Bring Back Prosperity." Many flaws may be picked in parts of this campaign, but viewing the effort as a whole one concludes that if the depression is not overcome it will not be for want of earnest and intelligent trying.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Hoover considers it unnecessary to call a special session of Congress to deal with the unemployment problem. This is interpreted as tantamount to removing the burden of creating jobs through public works from the federal government and placing it wholly on states and municipalities. Plainly this is a mistake as glaring as the President's error in delaying his unemployment relief efforts until the arrival of cold weather.

▶▶Vote Wet

THE Outlook and Independent supports, and urges its readers in these states to support, the following wet key candidates:

In Connecticut, for governor, Wilbur L. Cross.

In Delaware, for senator, Thomas F. Bayard.

In Illinois, for senator, James Hamilton Lewis.

In Maryland, for governor, Albert C. Ritchie.

In Massachusetts, for senator, Marcus A. Coolidge; for governor, Joseph B. Ely.

In Montana, for senator, Albert J. Galen.

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In New Jersey, for senator, Dwight N. Morrow.

In New York, for governor, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In Ohio, for senator, Robert J. Bulkley.

In Pennsylvania, for senator, Sedgwick Kistler; for governor, John M. Hemphill.

In Rhode Island, for senator, Peter Goelet Gerry.

The success of these candidates in the election of November 4 will help to ring down the curtain on the farce-tragedy of prohibition.

▶▶*Protests on Palestine*

No other step taken by the British Labor Government has provoked such widespread and vehement criticism as the announcement of its new policy for governing Palestine. In general, critics have assumed that Britain has now renounced, or partly renounced, the idea of developing a national home for the Jews in Palestine—a task which she approved in the Balfour declaration of 1917, and which, in 1923, the League of Nations placed in British hands along with the paradoxical job of protecting the rights and the position of Palestine's 700,000 Arabs.

The first protests, from Zionists in England and America, appeared in the very editions of the newspapers which outlined the new policy explained by Lord Passfield, Secretary for the Colonies. Within two days came the resignations of half a dozen prominent American and British Jews, such as Felix M. Warburg and Dr. Chaim Weizmann, from the Zionist World Organization and the Jewish Agency for Palestine. Within two days more the chorus of protests was enlarged by the voices of Lloyd George, leader of the British Liberals, of Stanley Baldwin, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Leopold S. Amery, leaders of the Conservatives, and of General Smuts, former President of South Africa and one of the originators of the League mandates system.

Meanwhile, Polish Jews were parading before the British Consulate in Warsaw; German Jews were drawing up statements in Berlin; Jewish Congressmen were telegraphing protests to President Hoover, and other American Jews were creating Zionist funds and planning to carry the question before Secretary Stimson. To cap the climax, the Zionist Organization of America announced that on Sunday, November 2, demonstrations against the Passfield statement would be held at 625 Jewish centers in the United States, while America's Good Will Union asked that, on the same day, the statement be discussed, and presumably lambasted, by Christian ministers of all denominations.

▶▶*The Principal Issues*

Criticisms of the new Palestine policy have scored the procedure by which it was reached and questioned the validity, under the mandate approved by the League, of its provisions regarding land and immigration. But it is by no means impressive to say that the Labor Government reached its decision without giving ear to Jews, to Arabs or to Parliament, since Jews and Arabs are hopelessly prejudiced and Parliament may examine the new policy at will. Furthermore, the policy is based on two special investigations made in Palestine since the shocking riots of 1929—the preliminary inquiry by the Shaw commission and the final inquiry by Sir John Hope Simpson.

Keystone

WALKS OUT AS PROTEST
Dr. Chaim Weizmann resigns presidency of Palestine agency and of Zionist World Organization

As for the new immigration and land provisions, the two are really one. The same paragraph of the British mandate for Palestine dictates, first, that Britain shall encourage close settlement by Jews on the land and, secondly, shall facilitate Jewish immigration "under suitable conditions." The new British policy holds that additional Jewish immigration at the present time would increase unemployment and economic distress in Palestine, besides aggravating the profound hostility between Jews and Arabs. All this can readily be reconciled with the wide discretion implied in the words of the mandate—"under suitable conditions."

At the present time and with the present methods of Arab cultivation, says the Passfield statement, there is no margin of land available for settlement by new immigrants. The provision of a margin "depends upon the progress made in increasing the productivity of the land already occupied." But, says Sir John Simpson, thorough development of the country will permit the eventual entrance of 20,000 more Jewish families, or one and a half times as many Jews as have settled in Palestine since 1918.

To sum up, then, Britain has apparently decided that, for the time being, very few Jews shall be admitted to Palestine to buy more land from the Arabs, thereby increasing both economic difficulties and racial antagonisms. She will not permanently discourage Jewish immigration or the purchase of property from Arabs by Jews, but will attempt to increase the productivity of the land and thereby make room for more Jewish newcomers. In short, she has not broken her pledges on Palestine but believes that at the present time the process of establishing a national Jewish home should be slowed down.

It strikes us that, despite the heat with which it has been denounced, the Passfield policy is decidedly wise.

▶▶*Spread of Fascism*

It is well known that the German Fascists made striking gains in the September elections. It may be less well known that Fascism has become strong in several other nations besides Germany and Italy, its parent country, where it is now eight years old.

Fascist groups flourish in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. In Finland, they have been making themselves felt by seizing Communists and carrying them across the frontier into Russia. The culmination of this series of demonstrations was the abduction of former President Stahlberg, a moderate Liberal. Until then the Fascist outrages had gone unpunished, but when President Stahlberg was carted to the border like any ordinary Communist the Finnish government put its foot down. Within a week it had arrested General Wallenius,

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chief of the army general staff, and four hundred other members of the Lapua, or Fascist, society, who admitted responsibility for the abductions and indicated that they expected to bring about a state of terror leading to a dictatorship.

In the midst of the Finnish disturbances, a German newspaper, the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* published a dispatch, afterwards proved substantially correct, declaring that the pro-Hapsburg wing of the Austrian Heimwehr, or Fascists, planned to march to Vienna and set up a dictatorship before the elections of November 9. At the request of the Nationalist wing of the Heimwehr, and of Premier Vaugoin—who, though sympathetic toward the Fascists, feared the effects of a putsch on Austria's credit—the plan was dropped.

At approximately the same time came the formation, in France, of a "committee of vigilance and action" headed by men who hope for Fascist rule. Came, too, the creation by Pierre Taittinger of a new political party which will seek to unite all nationalist groups on a platform much like that of the Fascists though rather less violent. M. Taittinger is awaiting the elections of 1932, hoping to profit by the reaction German Fascism has produced in France against the conciliatory policies of Foreign Minister Briand.

How long the Fascist movement will continue there is no means of knowing. In his speech at Rome on October 27, Premier Mussolini predicted that the movement would prevail throughout Europe within two decades. At any rate it is noteworthy that Fascism is now spreading far more rapidly than Communism, the second of the two important political dogmas to come into prominence since the War.

▶▶*German Reparations*

In March of this year, the German Reichstag ratified the Young plan by a decisive majority. The vote, however, did not indicate that Germans accept their financial burden as either light or just. They do not. It is not surprising to learn that, seven months after the Reichstag's action, Germany has created considerable uncertainty in foreign capitals with talk of postponing reparations payments, as she is permitted to do whenever she believes that her economic life is menaced by the transfer of reparations and is willing to run the risk of impairing her credit.

For some months after the ratification of the Young plan all was quiet on the debtors' front. The Germans seemed to derive no little pleasure from the burning of their old war bonds by the retiring Reparations Commission and from the withdrawal of the last French troops from the Rhineland. Then the general elections increased the strength of the Fascists in the Reichstag and gave weight to their popular demand that the Young plan be repudiated. The uncertainty increased when, on October 15,

International

QUENCHER CASSIDAY
Purveyor by appointment to their majesties, the members of the House and Senate

Chancellor Bruening, a moderate whom the Fascists would like to overthrow, indicated that Germany might be obliged to declare a moratorium,—i. e., suspend payments—unless her economic situation were improved by internal reforms and by the co-operation of her creditors.

His statement was followed in a week by addresses in New York and Philadelphia by Hjalmar Schacht, former president of Germany's central bank, or Reichsbank. Dr. Schacht held that Germany would be forced to stop all reparations payments unless other countries helped her to extend her foreign trade, which he did not expect them to do.

To the French and English governments these discussions sounded like fire alarms in the night. While they issued no official statements, they made it quite clear that a moratorium was the last thing they desired. Their feeling is shared in Washington, since the repayment of the French war debt to America depends in fact, if not in theory, on the prompt receipt by France of payments from Germany. The consensus of the best opinion seems to be that before many years there must be a new deal on reparations, also on war debts in general, but that it would be unwise for Germany to demand that deal within a twelvemonth of her ratification of the Young plan.

▶▶*Confession Story*

America's best-known bootlegger, George L. Cassiday (The Man in the Green Hat), has been writing of his experiences for the New York *Evening World.* Mr. Cassiday has been selling liquor to United States Senators and Congressmen for nearly ten years. Though both houses are politically dry by large majorities, he believes that four out of five of our national legislators drink intoxicants. He does not, therefore, pretend to have supplied all the liquor consumed by the House and Senate.

It was at the instigation of two Congressmen from the South—both of whom, incidentally, voted for the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act—that The Man in the Green Hat became a bootlegger. Could Mr. Cassiday supply them with liquor? He could, and did, and was off on his career. The two legislators introduced him to others, who introduced him to others, some of them extraordinary guzzlers. Before long, business had grown to such proportions that Mr. Cassiday set up a base of operations inside the House Office Building. There he stored his liquor and prepared it for distribution.

The arrangement did not work out very well. Someone stole Mr. Cassiday's liquor—five or six hundred dollars' worth. Thereafter he was careful not to store more than a case or two at a time. Kept behind locked doors, this was reasonably safe and readily available for dry Congressmen as they rested from their labors of enacting Jones laws with their cruel and unusual $10,000 fines and five year jail sentences. Thenceforth things went swimmingly. Mr. Cassiday prospered as the Congressmen

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quaffed. He was arrested four times, in 1922 while delivering liquor to a Congressman's apartment, in 1925 at the House Office Building and in 1929 and 1930 at the Senate Office Building; but these were inconveniences rather than tragedies. They did not destroy his business.

Mr. Cassiday seems to regard his customers as pretty good fellows, and maybe he's right. We just happen to think, though—and stop us if we're wrong—that legislators who plug for Jones laws all morning and tipple all afternoon should be kicked into the Potomac River.

▶▶*Chiang's Conversion*

ONCE UPON A TIME, before the Protestant Reformation, an Emperor of China half decided to become a Christian, but didn't. If he had, the stream of history might have flowed in another channel. The Son of Heaven balked when Catholic missionaries informed him that, as a Christian, he would be under the spiritual authority of the Pope. He refused to be under any one's authority.

That particular difficulty did not arise to trouble Chiang Kai-shek, youthful head of the Chinese government and recent convert to Methodism. With the simplest sort of ceremony, and without public display, Chiang was baptised on October 23, thereby joining his wife, his brothers-in-law (Minister of Commerce Kung and Minister of Finance Soong), his sister-in-law (Mrs. Sun Yat-sen) and his close friend, Foreign Minister Wang, besides following in the footsteps of the Father of the Republic, the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen—to mention only a few of the prominent Chinese Christians.

Despite these associations, Chiang's baptism came as a good deal of a surprise. No law stood in his way, for legally the Chinese enjoy full religious liberty. But anti-foreign feeling among Chinese radicals is expressing itself on a sizable scale and the Nanking government itself recently adopted school regulations which jeopardize the whole Christian missionary educational work in China. Chiang knew all this and more. Nevertheless he joined the Christian church.

Why? The move is sure to increase the hostility of Chinese radicals. Moderates too will question Chiang's motives. He will be accused of truckling to the foreigners, of becoming the "running dog of the imperialists" (to quote a popular Chinese phrase), of playing for foreign support. Nor will all Christians praise him, since some will doubt his sincerity. Every motive will be assigned to this prominent figure in devious Chinese politics except, perhaps, that of an honest, newly-acquired faith in the Christian way of salvation. Whether his conversion will create more enemies than friends remains to be seen.

Events alone will make clear, too, what effect the baptism will have on the government's attitude toward Christian work in China. It is by no means certain that Chiang's conversion will alter the government's policy of keeping religious training in the schools within the narrowest possible limits. Other Christian members of the government have insisted that their faith is a purely personal matter. China's new "Christian General" will probably do likewise.

Wide World

PROSELYTE
Chiang Kai-shek, president of the Chinese government at Nanking

▶▶*Exoneration?*

WHEN Cabinet officer investigates Cabinet officer—exoneration. Probably no one was startled when Attorney General Mitchell officially exonerated Secretary Wilbur, as well as his associates and predecessors in the Interior Department, of charges of oil frauds entered by Ralph S. Kelley, former chief of the field division of the General Land Office at Denver.

Mr. Kelley has maintained that, over his protests, the Interior Department, during the terms of Secretaries Work, West and Wilbur, yielded to political pressure, validated invalid oil shale claims in Colorado, and allowed powerful oil interests to "gain permanent possession of oil lands worth upward of $20,000,000,000." He has cited specific cases, quoted departmental records and files, named oil companies and their attorneys, described the influence of certain Colorado politicians, and supplied a running fire of figures and facts.

In all of which the Department of Justice found "no merit or substance." Picturing Mr. Kelley as one prone to fear "impending scandals" and to cry "billions and billions of dollars" at every adverse decision, the report found no evidence of "corruptness, irregularity or wrongdoing in connection with the administration of the Interior Department in the past" but "every evidence, under the present administration of Secretary Wilbur, that oil shale lands of the United States have been fully, fairly, adequately and lawfully protected, conserved and administered."

In all of which Mr. Kelley found no merit or substance. Mr. Kelley had refused to appear before the Department of Justice on the sound ground that Cabinet members could not investigate each other impartially. He now dismisses the Department of Justice investigation as hasty and superficial, its report as a "ridiculous whitewash," which "reeks with misstatements and misrepresentations." These are strong words, which may or may not be justified. As for us, while we are not at all ready to render judgment on the case, we have been impressed by Mr. Kelley's seriousness and we are unimpressed by the sarcastic, abusive report of the Department of Justice, whose inquiry seems to have taken the shape rather of a defense than of a thorough, unprejudiced investigation. Mr. Hoover declares that the Kelley charges are "fabrications." We have said before, and we say again, that an unprejudiced investigation would quickly show whether they are or not.

▶▶*Economical Nuptials*

POSSIBLY we were spoiled by the reports of magnificence which streamed out of Italy last January when Crown Prince Humbert married Marie José of Belgium. At any rate, we were disappointed by the recent wedding of Princess Giovanna of Italy and King Boris of Bulgaria.

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All very well to be told that Giovanna's special reverence for St. Francis of Assisi, the saint dedicated to poverty, dictated the ceremony's fundamental note of simplicity. We doubted it. It sounded to us as though King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena, like parents the world over, had faced each other wearily in the dismantled drawing room after Humbert's wedding and sighed, "For Heaven's sake, let's have quiet weddings for the rest of the children."

Romance was not lacking in the alliance between Bulgaria and Italy. Giovanna, young, slim and dark-eyed, was becoming the queen of the celebrated, handsome bachelor king so long the cynosure of royal European mothers' eyes. Even if it were not a love match, it was easy to consider it one. The Pope, objecting for a time on religious grounds, furnished the element of opposition necessary to true love. So there was romance enough, but there was not much glamour. There was little pomp, scarcely any circumstance, no pageantry to speak of, none of the gold and glitter the world has a right to expect of royal nuptials. Giovanna donned her wedding dress on the train and was married in a small, unadorned basilica in remote Assisi. There was no display of flags and bunting, no merrymaking. And, as far as we can discover, no presents, unless you count a large piece of sculpture given by the Fascist government.

Whereas, who has forgotten the vanloads of gifts which accompanied Marie José's train to Italy last January? The linen, the jewels, the 300-piece crystal dinner set, the blooded horses, the hams and sausages, the furs from President and Mrs. Hoover? Those nuptials were nuptials.

No; Giovanna's wedding was not satisfactory. Simplicity is all right in its place, but its place is not at royal weddings. We almost wish that Queen Marie of Rumania had had her way and had married Princess Ileana to King Boris. At least, Marie would have seen to it that the accounts of the wedding made interesting reading.

▶▶*Victoria's Willy*

NEVER mind how old you feel. How old *are* you? Measure your age with the paragraph which follows:

The recently published series of letters by Queen Victoria, written between 1886 and 1890, reveal her frank distaste for Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. "Such a hot-headed, conceited, wrong-headed young man, devoid of all feeling," she writes of her eminent grandson. "How sickening it is to see Willy, not two months after his beloved noble father's death, going to banquets and reviews. It is very indecent, very unfeeling." She becomes highly indignant when the Kaiser affronts the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, at Vienna; she dislikes making Wilhelm an honorary British Admiral; she is even loath to invite him to visit Windsor. "To pretend he is to be treated in private as well as in public as 'His Imperial Majesty' is perfect madness!" she exclaims. "If he has such notions, he had better never come here."

If it seems odd to you to find Victoria writing of the Kaiser, you belong to the middle generation and are probably in your thirties or forties. If it does not, you may belong to the older generation and be in your fifties or sixties, or to the younger generation and be in your teens or early twenties.

Victoria died in 1901. Wilhelm became Emperor of Germany in 1888. If you are sixty or more, therefore, you saw both of them on their thrones year after year and may think of them as contemporaries. If you are thirty or thereabouts, Victoria is to you a purely historical figure, while the Kaiser, you realize, is very much alive and only a few days ago denied reports that he had contributed to the Hitler campaign in Germany. But if you are, say, twenty-two, you know the Kaiser only as you know any other salient figure of the past. Indeed, though it would age and sadden your elders to hear it, you may find it easier to think of Wilhelm in connection with Victoria's era than in connection with the era of Fascism, Communism, Briand plans, disarmament conferences and Kellogg treaties.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

We should support the President whether he be right or wrong.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

I believe that the presentation of Calvin Coolidge's sane view point will do much to restore economic confidence.—DR. JOHN E. NORTON.

Occasionally there comes a time when we lose the trail in trying to follow the stock market.—RALPH HENDERSHOT.

It has never been the idea of the Democratic Party to obtain success because of the shortcomings of our opponents.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

Women want a speaker to get up and say it and get it over with—no funny stories, no bunk. Men never will learn that.—RUTH HANNA MCCORMICK.

A surprising proportion of young men today are actually incapable of growing mustaches. The admission is deplorable and sinister.—STEPHEN LANGTON.

Hollywood is no place to be married.—MARQUIS DE LA FALAISE DE LA COUDRAYE.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶*Return of the Natives*

(SCENE ONE: A stateroom on the *France*. Dawn. Lieutenant Bellonte is brushing his teeth. Major Coste is shaving.)

Major C.—Ho-hum. Home again. Only two more hours.

Lieut. B.—Not much like those last two hours in the States.

Major C.—I hope Marie got a laugh out of the story about my American bride.

Lieut. B.—Everything packed?

Major C.—Yep. All the scrolls in your bag? All the medals and keys to cities in mine. All your gifts in your packing case? Mine in mine. My new watch here. And yours?

Lieut. B.—Which one of mine, Dieudonné?

(SCENE TWO: In the tonneau of a French automobile jogging over the streets of Le Havre. Four hours later.)

Major C.—We're actually here. Tricolors, Tom Thumb cabs, or what have you?

Lieut. B.—Did you cable President Hoover?

Major C.—Check.

Lieut. B.—An' double check. Where to now?

Major C.—City Hall, I suppose. Boy, the city halls we've seen.

Lieut. B.—Remember Jimmie Walker? Wonder what's the low-down on the Tammany scandals.

Major C.—Lend me a dime till I buy me a judgeship.

Lieut. B.—Baby! I'd like to be back there right now.

Major C. (half-heartedly)—Wait till we get to Paris. The Paris reception'll be a wow.

Lieut. B.—Sez you.

(SCENE THREE: Next day. In the tonneau of another French automobile, moving along the Rue de Rivoli.)

Major C.—This sun is swelegant. Looked like rain over Le Bourget.

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Lieut. B.—Put me in mind of Seattle.

Major C.—The speeches at City Hall were too long, even for Frenchmen.

Lieut. B.—I wonder if the radio carried to the United States.

Major C. (reflectively, after a moment of silence)—I remembered the Avenue de L'Opera as being more interesting.

Lieut. B.—Like the streets in Kansas City.

Major C.—Well, they've given us a couple more watches, anyhow. How's yours?

Lieut. B.—I've accepted better in America.

Major C.—The Champs Élysées.

Lieut. B.—Remember the crowds in Dallas?

Major C.—We could fly back in 36 hours.

Lieut. B.—Thirty-five if we got a break.

Major C.—Ho-hum. Home again.

▶▶*In Brief*

And now, to get directly at the fact of primary interest to American observers of the Brazilian revolution—you pronounce Getulio Vargas Zhetoolio Vahrgahs . . . . Distressing to hear denials of reports that the Fish Red-hunting committeemen will go to Mexico. It strikes us that Mexico is a well-nigh ideal place for the Fish committeemen to go to . . . . Effie Jeane Wingo of Arkansas is running for Congress with the support of Republicans and Democrats alike. Since she has, apparently, no qualifications for the office, and is a Representative's widow, her election is taken for granted . . . . The official British investigation into the disaster to the R-101, which crashed near Beauvais, France, on the morning of October 5, is now well under way. If it is anything like official American investigations, it will probably establish the fact that the dirigible crashed near Beauvais, France, on the morning of October 5 . . . . "Congratulations," said Secretary Stimson to Premier Hamaguchi, "on the high purpose and significance of your message, which we feel will have a profound effect." "Congratulations," he said to Premier MacDonald, on "the vigor, clarity and high purpose of your message, which will, I feel, have profound effect on the thinking peoples of the world." Congratulations, Mr. Stimson, on your avoidance of repetition.

Justice Is Breaking Down

Of the three most pressing problems before the country—unemployment, prohibition and crime—one at least will have received on November 4 all the attention which, for some months to come, most citizens can practically devote to it. Whatever immediate, definite steps Congress may see fit to take in the direction of solving the prohibition problem will be determined by the present election. Likewise, where unemployment and the business depression are concerned, well-nigh all that it is humanly possible to do will be done in the next few months by those agencies already set in motion in state and nation.

There remains the question of our crime problem, one of the most perplexing and difficult of all to solve, rooted as it is in the racial mixture of our population, fertilized by the great growth of our city civilization and growing rankly through and around our political and judicial fences. Even as we go to press, the tallest weeds of this poisonous growth make the headlines in the press. Bugs Moran wise-cracking in a Chicago court room over his arrest for —of all things—vagrancy; Joe Aiello, his partner, shot down by machine guns in a residential district not far away; Al Capone at large preparing for new campaigns in his mid-west empire; a complete investigation of the New York bench and political machine waiting only for election in order to be pressed, and a New York police reporter intimating that the Chief of Police is lying when he denies police use of "third degree" methods on prisoners about whose activities information can apparently be secured in no other way.

The plain fact of the matter is that the ordinary citizen in our American cities is getting uneasy. The man who isn't, is a fool. What citizen will any longer come forward with information about a gangster? Who will testify to Alfred Lingle's killer? Who will mix himself up with the Jack Diamond shooting in a well known New York hotel? What inhabitant of a terrorized neighborhood will give information about a murder committed in plain sight of fifty or a hundred people? What policeman will arrest any prominent gunman with the slightest hope of securing a real trial, to say nothing of a real conviction and heavy sentence? Justice is breaking down.

Examine Jack Diamond's record. Arrested seventeen times in the last eleven years—and discharged without trial by every court with unfailing regularity. It is a duplication of the record of a thousand such men. Chicago alone will yield a hundred histories like it in an hour's search. And all this in the face of the universal testimony that the police of our cities are as fine a body of courageous men as the nation can hope to assemble, human nature being what it is.

Murders of policemen are rare. The gangster fears the police. Kill a policeman and the force waits for no legal trial. Instant death or a third degree in a station house resulting in insanity or a permanent maiming are the gangster's punishment. The force protects its own with a New York-Chicago imitation of the Southern lynching. Legalities are swept aside. Retribution is swift, carrying the instantaneous vengeance which the law has lost. The lawlessness and brutality of our police force are thus born of their own necessity to protect themselves. They are the inevitable accompaniments of the loss of belief by our police in a graft-ridden political and judicial system. The citizen can afford to be merely uneasy. But the policeman can take no chances. He carries his life in his hands.

Nor is it of any use merely to say that prohibition has brought conditions to their present point. True though the statement is, the abolition of prohibition will leave the country face to face with the gangsters which prohibition has bred and nourished, but in a totally new and more widespread warfare. Unless something is done in advance, once the present source of underworld wealth is done away with crime may inundate the entire country. The problem must be faced here and now.

The Wickersham Committee will not solve it, able and valuable as many of its minor activities may prove to be. Over all the work of the Wickersham Committee is the smear of the politico-prohibition red herring. The federal government cannot solve it either. Only each community by itself can sweep out the rubbish and rebuild the structure. Our police forces can be improved and in places reformed. The spot-light can be turned upon our district attorneys' offices. But the principal need is for the separation of our magistrates from our

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political machines, together with a prompt revision of our judicial code, in the interest of a speedy, incorruptible justice. Only by some such definite step as the appointment of police magistrates by the governor of each state, on the specific recommendation of city bar associations, can the present system be split wide open. And split wide open it must be.

Backstage in Washington

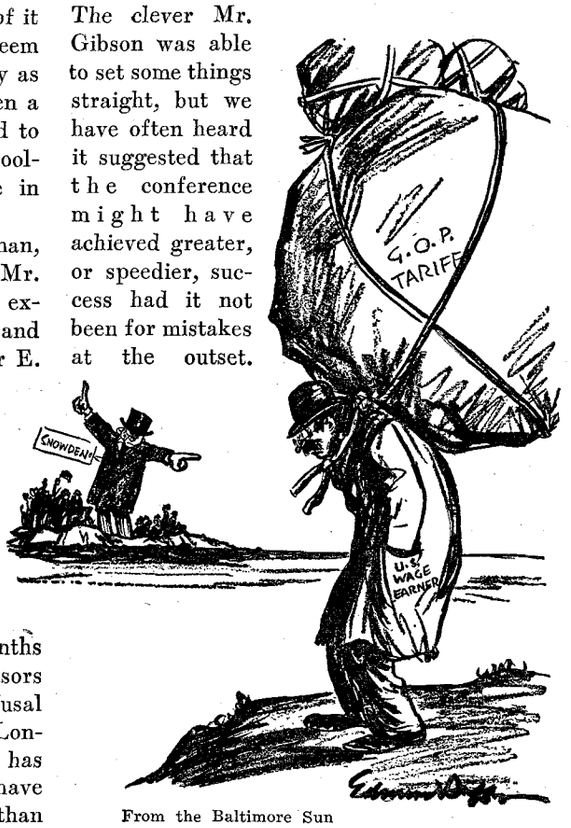
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE UNDERSTAND that all is not so well with Ambassador Charles G. Dawes at London, although we have noted no reports of his discomfort in the public prints. It is no secret here, however, that the ebullient entrepreneur has been quite unable to make a go of it with our staid British cousins, who seem to resent his thoughtless tactics fully as much as did William M. Butler when a small coterie of politicians proposed to force the Chicagoan upon Calvin Coolidge as the latter's running mate in 1924.

"You wouldn't nominate a wild man, would you?" asked the horrified Mr. Butler of such Dawes devotees as ex-Senator Wadsworth of New York and Ambassador—then Senator—Walter E. Edge of New Jersey. But the political playboys would, and did, apparently acting on the assumption that the eminently safe and sane Mr. Coolidge might well be teamed with the breezy and blustering banker from the Windy City. For once, however, Mr. Butler knew what he was talking about, and it was but a few months before the erstwhile Dawes' sponsors had reason to regret their refusal to heed the storm warnings. At London, we hear, the Ambassador has been up to his old antics, which have proved less popular, if possible, than they were when he was smashing gavels as presiding officer of the Senate.

Though we can scarcely credit it, we hear that Mr. Dawes, sensing at last that he was not cut out for a diplomat, has sought to submit his resignation. President Hoover, our worthy informant tells us, has declined to accept it for the simple reason that he faces enough troubles without having a vacant ambassadorship on his hands. Nevertheless, we venture that Mr. Dawes will soon leave London for a more or less permanent sojourn at Evanston, Illinois.

We learned long since, and so published in these columns, that Mr. Dawes made a bad botch of preliminary naval negotiations with Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald. The Ambassador exhibited little of the patience and skill necessary for such labors, and things were going from bad to worse until the Administration despatched Ambassador Hugh Gibson posthaste from Brussels to save the day and scrap the navies. The clever Mr. Gibson was able to set some things straight, but we have often heard it suggested that the conference might have achieved greater, or speedier, success had it not been for mistakes at the outset.



From the Baltimore Sun

An 'orrible example

Some day, we imagine the explosive epistles which the Ambassador sent to the State Department—luckily withheld from the Senate's eyes—will cast further light on this episode.

Now, we are told, Mr. Dawes is convinced that he is a social as well as a diplomatic misfit at Europe's most conservative capital. Since, when all is said and done, our diplomats amount to only so much window dressing in peace times —the professional staff performing the real work—a man who cannot measure up in that respect is clearly miscast. Much as we enjoy the former Vice-President, we fear that Great Britain was the one place where he should not have been sent. We hear, for instance, that he insists upon smoking his acrobatic pipe over his soup, whereas the custom of the country requires that there should be no smoking until after the toast to the king has been given. To the American who reaches for a cigarette before breakfast this may seem a trivial matter, but it is of this sort of stuff that successful diplomatic men and missions are made.

Mr. Dawes' latest undiplomatic escapade, we hear, was a dinner at the embassy during which he staged the clumsy waiter stunt popularized many years ago by Leon Errol. It is a most amusing piece of theatrics at the proper time and place, and when the audience is in the proper mood, as "Joe" Tumulty's resort to this type of entertainment at a stag dinner here once proved. But the lords and ladies, we hear, did not appreciate the spectacle of a stumbling, slobbering figure moving among the diners and took no pains to conceal their feelings. It may have been that they were wanting in wit rather than that the Ambassador lacked discretion, but, in any event, we are informed that Mr. Dawes deemed it wise to offer an explanation—and an apology.

Ambassador Edge, too, let "the chief" down hard when he permitted the expulsion of William R. Hearst from France, and we understand he has been called upon to explain. For once, the publisher appears to have public sentiment on his side, and his nation-wide tour, though sponsored and stimulated by his own journals, is proving quite embarrassing to the White House. It may have even more serious consequences if, as we hear, Mr. Hearst casts his lot with the Democrats, two years hence. The affable Mr. Edge, we fear, will find it difficult to laugh off this blunder.

In short, the new, business-man type of diplomat of which we have heard so much recently does not seem to be such a superlative success. We cannot but sympathize with Mr. Hoover for the chagrin he is said to feel over such diplomatic developments as these, and we would not wonder if numerous shifts were forthcoming within the next few months.

A. F. C.

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Paris Is Not America

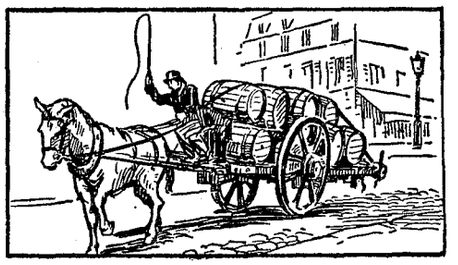
By GOLDA M. GOLDMAN

NO FRENCHMAN is indifferent to an American. He either looks down upon him as a boisterous, uneducated, mercenary individual, or he admires him as an enterprising, ingenious, energetic soul who knows what he wants and obtains it in the most practical manner. Those who share the latter opinion hope that France will follow American methods and become "modernized." Those of the former opinion, and they are a hundred times more numerous, fear that the process is already well under way, and that Paris particularly is becoming "Americanized."

Certainly not many of our co-citizens, either resident or in passage in the French capital, believe that Paris is in grave danger of too rapidly losing her individual charm—a charm which they love and which is only overshadowed in their practical eyes by the fact that it takes too long to do business and that modern comforts are lacking.

On what, then, do our harassed French friends base their not altogether groundless fears that Paris is becoming Americanized? Usually, of course, on details which they, objecting to the introduction of foreign customs, consider discreditable to us, and which they forget are merely details because they are conspicuous. There are those "American Bars" without which no respectable restaurant or hotel in the French capital could exist, and which take their names from the fact that they serve cocktails in ever increasing numbers to French youth as well as to American patrons, to the detriment of the more reputable *porto*. There are the "girls"—always called by the English word—in their music-halls, signifying American and English pony ballets. There are those atrocious-sounding concoctions on their menus, also in English, such as ham and eggs, corned beef hash, and shredded wheat.

These loom large to the Frenchman, yet what American, stopping at a Parisian café terrace, even under the American Bar sign, ordering his mild or strong *aperitif* which he sips for two hours on end with no sign of a waiter anxious to be rid of him, and putting down a modest tip of ten cents for monopolizing during that time a table



Illustrations from "The Lantern Show of Paris" by F. G. Hurrell (Cape and Smith)

at the fashionable Berry or the Café des Anglais, would be likely to confuse his good luck by thinking himself back in his home town? The day is far off when the Frenchman will take his drink and gulp it down at a street corner, or when his liquor must be smuggled in his back door in a suitcase. A recent parliamentary debate was enlivened by a heated assault against the use of school text-books which state that wine is bad for the health. The words of Pasteur on the subject of "this glory of France" rang through the hall of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Minister of Public Instruction, much after the manner of "Big Bill" Thompson and the pro-British school books, promised that such seditious literature would be removed.

And what American, strolling in the Folies-Bergère lobby in the *entr'acte* which lasts for half an hour, despite the presence on the bill of the Alfred Jackson Girls and a plentiful supply of other light-footed Anglo-Saxons and Americans, could mistake his locale as he smiles or frowns upon the professional ladies in evening dresses and afternoon hats who invite him as a preliminary to buy them a glass of beer? Nor indeed, as he looks his fill upon woman as nature made her, in scene after scene, in which no effort is made to drop the curtain hurriedly before Commissioner Mulrooney's men arrive, does he think he is back in New York City, or any other American city.

A few theatres have abolished the distressing habit of using unpaid ushers who elsewhere oblige the patrons to pay a franc per place for being shown to their seats. These theatres, however, are limited to the Paramount, which is American-built and operated, and the Madeleine cinema, which is American-operated, while the only purely French organizations which have made theatre-going thus comfortable are the Salle Pleyel, the Olympia cinema, and the Folies-Bergère which announced this summer that it had joined the free usher, free program ranks as a "tremendous innovation" to be posted on all the billboards. Otherwise in the theatre one is always in Paris, from the moment when one begins the long agony of buying tickets.

Another very serious phase of the American influence, which, we must admit, has to do with the entertainment itself, is the invasion of Paris and all France by American music, American movies, and American plays. Every song broadcast has an American name which the broadcaster cannot pronounce and which the listener could not understand in any case. Every picture house has American pictures, and for the past year they have frequently been American talking pictures, with full price charged for admission and no money back if you can't understand the words. Many of the musical comedies

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as well as other plays are translations from the English. Thus the past year has brought to Paris *Street Scene, The Shanghai Gesture, Desert Song, New Moon, Madame Pompadour, Broadway, The Hairy Ape* and many others.

In the question of menus, the matter is also grave. The distinctive large restaurants maintain their supremacy in French cuisine, but even here it is more and more rare to find establishments of old repute where chefs create ancient specialties of the house, such as the Tour d'Auvergne where each successive succulent duck is numbered, like Prince Henry XXXIII of Reuss. The *nouveau riche* American does not know what to order, and the native Frenchman must therefore suffer the loss of sales of great delicacies. Furthermore, the American manner of eating a fairly light luncheon has taken hold, so that the big hotels must cater to this; hence the arrival of the Club Sandwich and the ham and eggs. But to dine very late at night in the French fashion, at the Pré-Catelan or the Tour d'Argent or Ciro's, with the rare wines of old France, beautiful women in rue de la Paix creations with a nice sprinkling of *demi-mondaines* most elegant of all, and with a fair quarter of the room present or ex-royalties—once more that is not America. Nor is it American in the home-cooking, where rabbit cooked in red wine, mussels steamed in white wine, bread with cheese, soup with tapioca, vegetables served as a special course, shrimps with their coats on, and a hundred other items reveal the intimate and unchanging nature of Parisians.

A luxury which Parisian men and women both enjoy, and which is almost entirely missing in New York and other big American cities, is the tea-time break in that long afternoon which reaches from a twelve-thirty luncheon to an eight or nine o'clock dinner. Winter and summer alike find throngs either in the inner restaurants or courtyard gardens of every fine hotel and clubs like the Inter-Alliée. The first spring buds find the motors whirring out to the Bois de Boulogne—that vast Bois de Boulogne, again unequalled in any American city, combining rustic lanes with cultivated gardens, with its dozen ultra-smart restaurants on the brink of water-falls or lakes, brilliant in the sunshine or more brilliant still when they turn into fairylands of lights by night. There is no time of day when the French woman and the distinguished visitor to Paris appears to better advantage than at five o'clock, when she pauses in a full day of pleasure, and seated across from her polished companion, toys with her tea or ice, jewelled cigarette holder or vanity never far from her finger-tips.

The increasing numbers of automobiles in Paris streets is taken to be another sign of the adoption of American luxuries by the wealthy Frenchman and his less flourishing brethren. Not only are the cars numerous but they are frequently magnificent, and the most magnificent are often Packards, though they are rivalled closely enough by Renaults, Hispano-Suizas, Rolls-Royces, Mercedes, and Fiats. The high prices of even small French cars is sufficient proof of the fact that France has not reached the consumption stage of the United States, for the demand is not great enough to lessen the cost. Paris is extremely congested nevertheless, and is trying to solve its traffic problems in an American manner. Rules against jay-walking, increased penalties for motorists who disobey the agent's white baton, and traffic lights are some of the methods of speeding things up. The crooked Paris streets make the problem terrific, and their narrowness increases the difficulties. The latest regulation, also considered American, which prevents parking in the heart of the city except in some forlornly inadequate parking spaces, has had the result of improving the taxi-cab business by taking many private cars off the streets entirely.

One place where the traveler from the United States can be sure to feel at home is in the new hotels, which have sprung up in the last three years with a speed truly American, and which maintain the best American customs from the revolving doors to the running ice-water in each room. To find a speck of French atmosphere in any of the six or eight new hostelries which dot the Boulevards and the Etoile section is impossible, and if the gain is in baths, elevators and quick service, the loss is in distinctive atmosphere. Paris hotel men, however, are good business men on the whole, and as the native Frenchman has little occasion to use palace hotels—he always calls them "palaces," using the American word—he protests only slightly about this, for he will know places of older tradition where he can feel more at home. On the other hand, in his modest *foyer,* with his lack of service stairways or dumbwaiters, old fashioned *cabinet de toilette,* continuously burning stoves, and butter kept fresh in a pan of water, he is far from the "American" service and electric refrigeration apartments. The latter will undoubtedly arrive, however, as an astonishing amount of new apartment building is going on.

If the French business man is unreliable, late for his appointments, unable to discuss matters frankly, content to put up with an inefficient telephone system, willing to close his office for two hours for lunch and to work without any rush while he is in it, these are just added proofs that Paris is not

(Please Turn to Page 395)

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The Rise of a Roosevelt

A Portrait of the Governor of New York

By ROBERT CRUISE McMANUS

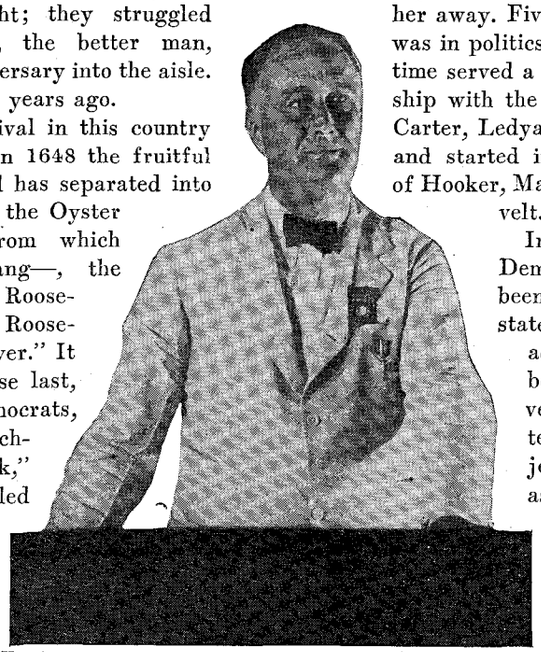
Does Franklin D. Roosevelt become the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1932? The answer may be in the gubernatorial election in New York. In the footsteps of his distant cousin, Theodore, he has already moved from office to office almost exactly as T. R. did—and now does he approach the last great office? He is a tremendously important factor in the Democratic party for he, and he alone, bars Al Smith from another contest for the Democratic nomination.

AT SAN FRANCISCO in 1920, when the Democratic National Convention began, a huge portrait of the dying Woodrow Wilson was dramatically unveiled. The delegates screamed wild approval and fought to join the procession in the aisles as the bobbing white standards of the states were rushed into line from every corner of the hall. In the New York section a little band of Tammanyites, Wilson's enemies for years, stuck to their chairs without a whisper of enthusiasm for the man who had risen to the world's first place at its moment of greatest terror. In the strong and stubborn fist of Jeremiah Mahoney the New York standard remained motionless and apart.

Head and shoulders above the mauling crowd, young Frank Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy and a staunch Wilson backer, caught sight of the handful who had swallowed their bosses' order to shut up. Enraged, he sprang into the Tammany ranks and yanked the pole from Mahoney's hands. Mahoney fought; they struggled and Roosevelt, the better man, dragged his adversary into the aisle.

That was ten years ago.

Since its arrival in this country from Holland in 1648 the fruitful Roosevelt breed has separated into three divisions, the Oyster Bay group—from which Theodore sprang—, the New York City Roosevelts and the Roosevelts "up the river." It was among these last, traditional Democrats, "good old Dutchess County stock," as he has called them, that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born in 1882, the son of James, a wealthy lawyer, farmer and man of affairs, and Sara Delano Roosevelt, whose family was as well known as that of her husband. It was the year young Theodore, Franklin's fifth cousin, entered the legislature as an assemblyman.



Keystone

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
Addressing a convention of governors

As Franklin grew up in Hyde Park on the green cliffs above the Hudson his fondness for boats inclined him toward the Naval Academy, but his parents changed his mind, sent him off to Groton like a good Roosevelt and then on to Harvard, where he became the crusading editor of the *Crimson* and took his A.B. degree in three years. After graduation in 1904 he entered the Columbia Law School and on St. Patrick's Day of the following year married his cousin, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, favorite niece of Theodore who came up from Washington to give her away. Five years later he was in politics, having by this time served a law apprenticeship with the famous firm of Carter, Ledyard and Milburn and started in his own firm of Hooker, Marvin and Roosevelt.

In his district a Democrat had not been sent to the state Senate in decades. Three days before the convention a committee, already rejected elsewhere, asked him to run. He accepted, conducted a new-fangled automobile campaign on the issues of anti-bossism and standard-sized apple barrels and won as the Democrats came home in front all over the country. The following January, unhappily clad in a frock coat, he took his seat in the legislature, became known immediately as "the college boy" and in a week was sailing into Tammany Hall with both fists in the famous "Blue-eyed Billie" Sheehan fight which won him instantaneous national prominence.

Sheehan, former boss of Buffalo, ex-lieutenant governor and the law partner of Alton B. Parker, was one of the state's most powerful Democrats, who had been picked for the United States Senate by Charles F. Murphy. It was in the day when the legislatures elected senators and Murphy, last of the real Tammany bosses, assumed very naturally that he needed only to pass the word along to the boys at Albany. But when the word reached young Frank Roosevelt one cold Sunday afternoon he put on his hat and coat and went for a walk through Albany's wintry streets. When he returned, his mind was made up—"Blue-eyed Billie" was a little too close to the "interests" to suit him. He organized a band of twenty insurgent Democrats and fought Mr. Murphy's boys, including Assemblyman Al Smith and State Senator Bob Wagner, who were still taking orders in those days. After sixty ballots Murphy quit and offered James A. O'Gorman as a compromise candidate.

"If we've caught a Roosevelt," remarked "Big Tim" Sullivan, Murphy's lieutenant, "we'd better take him down and drop him off the dock. This kid is likely to do for us what the Colonel is doing for the Republican party—split it wide open."

"There is nothing I like better than a good fight," Roosevelt said.

In spite of his soon-formed friendship with Smith, Wagner and Jim Foley, leaders of "The New Tammany," with whom he worked side by side in the developing of social welfare legislation, Roosevelt never ceased fighting Murphy's attempts to dominate the state's Democracy. To the question, "What kind of a Democrat are you?" put to him in 1924, he answered:

"I am a regular organization Democrat of Dutchess County, a New York State Democrat and a National Demo-

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crat. I am not an anti-Tammany Democrat, but in this campaign, as in many others, I have taken a consistent position against the control of the state's Democracy by Charles Francis Murphy, believing that he is a menace to our Democracy."

In 1912 Roosevelt and Thomas Mott Osborne organized the up-staters into the Empire State Democracy, fought for Woodrow Wilson against Murphy at Baltimore, and won. In 1914, seeking the nomination for United States Senator against Murphy's candidate, James W. Gerard, he lost badly. While in Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy he succeeded in thwarting many of the Tiger's attempts to corral Federal patronage. In 1920 he fought for the state standard and won, fought for McAdoo against Cox, whom Murphy favored, and lost.

Underwood

MOVING IN AT ALBANY

Left to right, Governor Roosevelt; his son, Elliott; his daughter, Mrs. Curtis B. Dall; Curtis B. Dall, with his daughter; John Roosevelt; and Franklin D., Jr.

It is amusing to note how little Murphy, that magnificent pragmatist, ever allowed this quarrel to interfere with business. When the leaders gathered under the speaker's platform at San Francisco to pick Roosevelt as Cox's running mate the Tiger boss, in his inscrutable wisdom, gave the fullest consent.

In the naval post, to which he was summoned in 1913 by Josephus Daniels, a bewildered southern newspaper editor suddenly surrounded by battleships, Roosevelt did a great job. To many he was the real head of the department, lining up with T. R. and Leonard Wood on the side of preparedness, winning higher pay for the men, letting contracts for 326 submarine chasers ten days after we went to war, organizing the naval reserve, impressing private yachts into the coast patrol and speaking out often without much respect for Mr. Daniels' views. Even at that he longed for active service in spite of his wife and three children—he has five now—and did get across once on a destroyer to observe the movement of troop transports. But he never forgot politics.

In 1918 the thoroughbred, Groton-and-Harvard-reared "student in politics" began that curious, reciprocal relationship with the New York East Sider, Al Smith, which has probably no parallel in American history. Smith, then president of New York City's board of Aldermen, suggested the young up-stater as the Democratic choice for governor. Roosevelt, dissuaded by Wilson, who was loath to lose the capable assistant secretary but feared the candidacy of William Randolph Hearst, turned about and named Smith. It has been turn and turn about ever since—Smith seconding Roosevelt at San Francisco, persuading him to run in 1928, nominating him again this year; Roosevelt asking "Dear Al" to seek the governorship in 1922 after the defeat by Miller in 1920, putting his name before the nation in those unforgettable "Happy Warrior" speeches at Madison Square Garden and Houston.

It is the third recurring element in this career which has flashed as dramatically as a sword in the dark. The first is his relationship with Tammany and the second is the similarity of his progress to that of T. R., the Republican, who was also state legislator, assistant naval secretary and governor, candidate for vice-president, progressive, enemy of bosses and student in politics.

At thirty-eight, four years younger than Theodore was when he ran for the same office, Franklin entered the campaign for vice-president as running mate of James M. Cox in 1920. Hailed by the press of both sides as a gentleman of far too lofty principles to descend to mere partisan quarrels, as one endowed with "a classic profile" and "a voice of great beauty," he became a kind of Galahad among statesmen. It is slight criticism enough to say that he failed to fill the rôle.

In Butte, Montana, fighting for the League of Nations, he got badly tangled up with some rather loose hints to the effect that our "influence" among the Caribbean and Central American countries would give us ten or twelve votes in the League Assembly instead of one, and before the campaign was over he had become partisan enough to shout exasperatedly at his opponents: "We are being fed up in this campaign by a handful of crooks with a lot of lies!"

After Election Day, however, his mistakes were forgotten and he returned to private life, known all over the country as the young hopeful of the party, a distinction which he has enjoyed ever since. There is a story that in 1922 in a conversation with John W. Davis Roosevelt predicted that Davis would be the party's nominee in 1924.

"You might be picked yourself," he was told.

"No," answered Roosevelt, looking far ahead. "I won't be ready until 1932."

For something beside votes has intervened to thwart him.

Without the rest that the war job and exhausting campaign stumping demanded he plunged into the rebuilding of his law practice until 1921, when he joined his family for a holiday at Campo Bello Island in New Brunswick, Canada. Overjoyed at the sight of their father, his children led him for a two mile run across country and a long swim in the icy waters of the Bay of Fundy.

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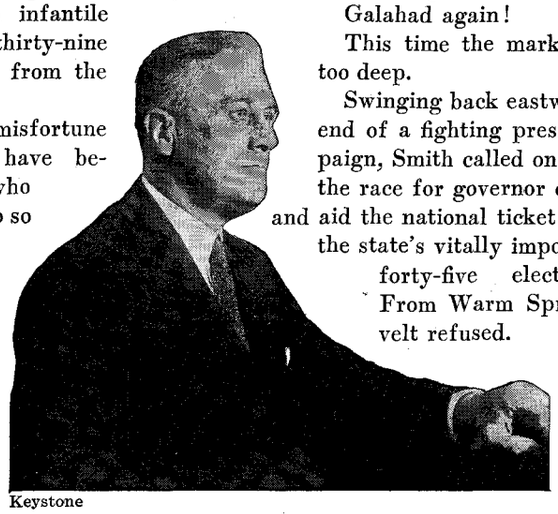
He became exhausted; the germ that had worked its way into his blood stream found little to resist it and in seventy-two hours his magnificent body was twisted with infantile paralysis. At thirty-nine he was crippled from the waist down.


Keystone

A crueller misfortune could scarcely have befallen the man who looked forward to so bright a future. But Franklin Roosevelt never gave in, never relinquished his hold on that future. The look of hopeless submission which falls like a mask over the faces of the crippled has not appeared on his features; his affliction seems only to have widened his sympathies, spurred him to aid himself and others similarly stricken. It resulted in the establishment of the Foundation at Warm Springs, Ga., which has been expanded with the aid of others so that it can now accommodate one hundred patients. Nothing was closer to his heart.

His paralysis has even heightened the promise which his mere presence holds out and the crutches and canes on which he labored toward the platform at Madison Square Garden and Houston served to double the intensity of his appeal.

"This man of destiny," he cried in the sullen, bloody air of the Garden, "whom our state proudly dedicates to the nation." And then, four years later when his cause was winning: "Victory is his habit, the Happy Warrior, Alfred E. Smith!"

Roosevelt's voice rang that day like spear on shield.

"Here on the stage," wrote Will Durant at Houston, "was Franklin Roosevelt, beyond question the finest type of man that has appeared at either convention. Beside him the master minds who held the platform at Kansas City were crude bourgeois, porters suddenly made rich. A figure tall and proud, even in suffering; a face of classic profile, pale with years of struggle against paralysis, a frame nervous and yet self-controlled with that tense, taut unity of spirit which lifts the complex soul above those whose calmness is mere stolidity, most obviously a gentleman and a scholar, a man softened and cleansed and illumined with pain. This is a civilized man; he could look Balfour and Poincaré in the face. For the moment we are lifted up."

Galahad again!

This time the mark he left was too deep.

Swinging back eastward near the end of a fighting presidential campaign, Smith called on him to make the race for governor of New York and aid the national ticket in capturing the state's vitally important bloc of forty-five electoral votes. From Warm Springs, Roosevelt refused.

"My physicians are very definite in stating," he wired, "that the continued improvement in my walking is dependent on my avoiding the cold climate of winter and taking the exercises here in the cold months. It probably means getting rid of my leg braces within the next two years and that would be impossible in Albany."

Smith, arriving at the state convention in Rochester, found the delegates in a hopeless funk, with no other candidate half Roosevelt's size in sight. He refused to give up. From Mrs. Roosevelt, who was present as a member of the national committee and one of the state's leading woman Democrats, Smith won a promise that she would not stand in her husband's way. Then, with telegrams flying in all directions, he went to the telephone to make a final plea for his friend to aid him, but the feather that in the end tipped the scale came from another direction.

Underwood

In Tarrytown, N. Y., Mrs. Curtis Dall, the Roosevelt's only daughter and a devoted spur to her father's progress, went with her husband to seek the advice of a neighbor, Paul Warburg, the banker.

"Tell him to go ahead and run," said Warburg.

She sent him a wire and that night Al put down the telephone and stepped out of his hotel bedroom into a little group of county leaders whose worried cigar ends were ragged with nervous chewing.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have good news for you. Franklin D. Roosevelt will be your candidate for governor."

While they were rejoicing a message signed "Father" went to Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Dall at Tarrytown.

"You ought to be spanked," it read.

So Galahad re-entered the lists, winning by a shade as the "Happy Warrior," for whom he had risked his legs, lost all over the country and trailed Hoover in New York by 100,000 votes. Within a few short hours their positions had completely changed as Smith went down like a plummet and Roosevelt rose, the lone hope of the mangled minority, hailed already as the Democratic nominee in 1932.

But his fault has been that, unlike his predecessor, he has permitted these visions of Washington to weaken his acts at Albany. The complaint is on two counts, prohibition and Tammany, both double-edged swords of the kind which politicians are ever striving to keep sheathed.

His support twenty years ago of the comparatively innocuous local option movement, his refusal to seek a modification plank at Madison Square in 1924, and the views of Mrs. Roosevelt, an active dry and an important influence in the shaping of his policies, worried the dripping wet Democracy of New York exceedingly. True, in the campaign for the governorship he had said he would refuse to sign a state enforcement act if one were passed by the legislature and had declared himself "absolutely in accord" with Governor Smith's wet views. But for a long time after that the leaders feared that he was letting them down to play ball with southern and western dries who had headed off Smith '24.

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▸▸ Uncle Sam *vs.* the Packers ◂◂

THE hearing before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia on the petitions of Swift and Armour for modification of the packers' consent decree calls to mind several thoughts which have not been sufficiently emphasized in the interminable discussion of this controversy. The matter is not merely a trade fight, as many have called it and as the packers would have us believe. It is primarily a clear cut issue between government and big business. Which is the stronger, the government or business? Who are the cleverer, the Attorneys General of the United States or the lawyers of the Chicago meat packers? That is the first and most important question for the intelligent American of moderate income to consider.

Surely the packers must have had their tongues in their cheeks ten years ago, when the grand jury proceedings, started against them by the Department of Justice in New York and Chicago, were dropped; and the consent decree, offered by the packers, was signed by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. The decree clearly stated that it was not to be understood as an implication or an admission of a law violation by the packers. Aside from the comment, "Methinks the lady doth protest too much," which was made at the time and has been repeated so often since, at least it must be admitted that, by means of the consent decree, the packers did gain the benefit of getting rid of those proceedings.

By the terms of the decree the packers agreed not to own stockyard companies, terminals or newspapers; not to let any one else use their distributing systems; not to do business in any line unrelated to slaughtered animals; not to retail meats; and not to own public cold storage warehouses. Why did they give up so much for so little as the abandonment of prosecution on charges of which they declared themselves innocent?

By H. M. FOSTER

On May 22, 1930, Senator Black read to the Senate a circular issued by Matthews & Co., Chicago brokers, from which the following excerpts are taken:

The leading meat packers are now getting into line to benefit materially through a re-entering into the distribution end of the business. They are now banking heavily, and with justification, on a modification of the celebrated "consent decree" of 1920.

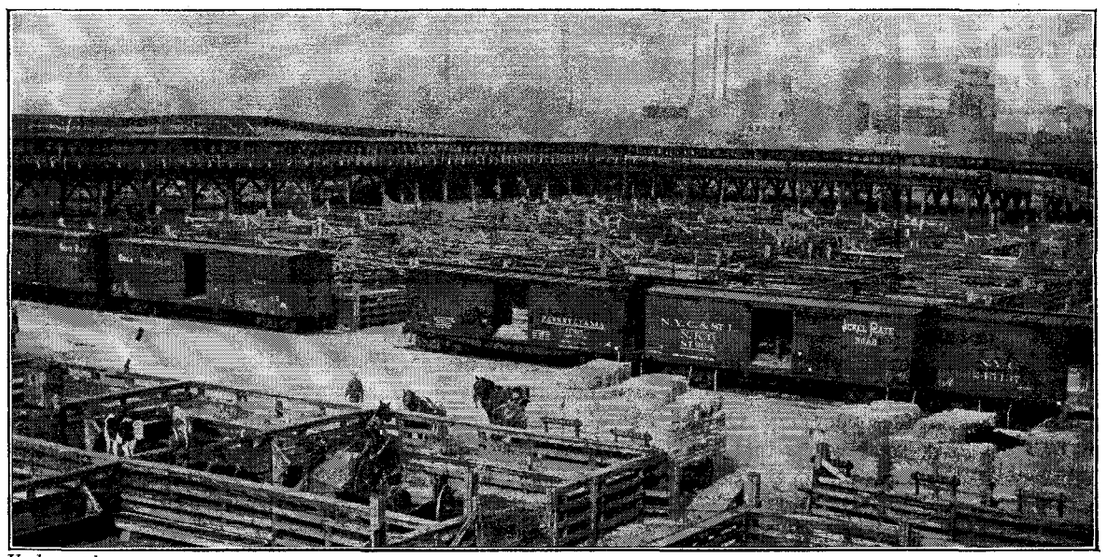
Cogent arguments, recently presented by the packing interests in the Supreme Court for the District of Columbia and to the Department of Justice, are well calculated to result in the setting aside, or radical modification, of the United States Supreme Court's decision, prohibiting the packers from handling fruits and vegetables as well as retailing operations in meats, poultry and dairy products. . . .

The present administration in Washington is known to favor unification of interests and elimination of needless competition and inefficient distribution, which President Hoover has estimated to entail an economic waste of fully $8,000,000,000 a year. It is known to favor a modification of the consent decree. . . . With the expected modification of the consent decree, the big meat packer will enter the retail field anew, with nation-wide chains of grocery and other food shops, which will overshadow all the existing enterprises of that type in the United States.

This is no academic or theoretical question. It is desperately practical. It is vital to the public because the food industry is the largest business in the country in volume of sales and in number of units and because every human being is more intimately and frequently concerned with it than with any other. The conduct of the meat packers has directly affected practically every meal of every citizen for forty or fifty years. For no less a period have the packers been in trouble with the government. They formed one of the most dominant trusts in the good old days before the trust busting era. They were favorite subjects for cartoonists, depicting lurid caricatures of the personifications of steel, oil, railroads and all the rest.

WHAT Spanish War veteran forgets Alger's "embalmed beef," or who, now in middle life, does not remember Upton Sinclair's story of "The Jungle"? That best seller did more than any other bit of muck-raking at the time to stimulate the agitation for the enactment of the pure food laws. It gave Theodore Roosevelt a theme on which he could talk to the people, and he did talk to some purpose. It is small wonder that during this long legal quibbling about the packers, many men have wished for the return of the Trust Buster to speak definitely and act decisively.

Is the government unwilling, or unable, to control big business? Why has this disinclination, or ineptitude, lasted through three administrations and into a fourth? If it is unwillingness the reasons should be clearly stated. If it is ineptitude only the public has the cure. Of course, it may be argued that it would be economically better to give the packers a free hand in every trade in which



Underwood

Unloading grain at the Union stockyards in Chicago

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they were formerly engaged. But many of us would like to be sure that such a policy would be better. Then, on the other side, there should be explained away the investigation by the Federal Trade Commission; the abandonment by the Department of Justice of the criminal and civil proceedings against the packers; the lack of enforcement of the consent decree; much of the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the subject of special railroad privileges; and the abstention by Congress from enacting certain proposed measures in the stockyards act.

If the government is not unwilling to enforce the decree, but is unable to do so, the alternative leaves the pleasant thought that the packers are stronger than the government. It is not entirely a new idea. Something of the kind may have been suspected before. The government may be neither unwilling nor unable, but it may have been fooled. It is barely possible that the lawyers for the packers are cleverer than those for the government.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the Attorney General's answer at the time. In a discussion before the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, Senator Norris asked, "Under your settlement, while you have made no agreement, of course, you do not expect to proceed against them criminally for that violation, do you?" The Attorney General replied, "This is the first time I have ever announced it, but I do not expect to proceed against them criminally."

It has been said often enough that whether the consent decree should be modified or annulled has nothing whatever to do with accusations against the packers ten years ago. Quite so. But it still seems strange that the packers want to do away with the thing that has been so kind to them. They should not treat their own child like a stepchild. It is too late, of course, to revive the old charges. Witnesses are dead and the evidence is lost or outlawed. But the packers should not forget that appearances are against them. They may have reformed, but the government should be sure; and their own consent decree gives assurance that they cannot do what they did once.

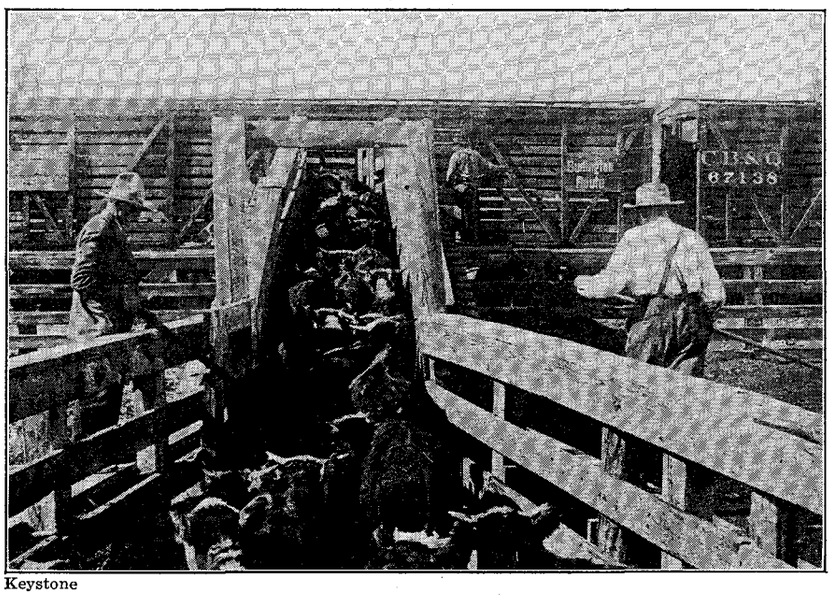
WHEN the independent grocery merchants brought suit against the railroads for special privileges and services granted to the packers, the clever attorneys for the packers succeeded in persuading the Interstate Commerce Commission that many of the complaints need not be considered because they were covered by the consent decree. Now that the decree has served their purpose, the packers want it modified or set aside. Once again they fooled the government.

A few years later there was pending in Congress a bill which was enacted as the Packers' and Stockyards Act. This bill, as originally introduced, contained provisions regulating the meat packers in all phases of their business. But, with the consent decree entered in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, the packers went to Congress with the argument that there was no need for the proposed legislation because of the existence of the decree. The legislation then pending was amended and made less objectionable to the packers. Senator Norris said at the time that Congress did not legislate concerning the matters in the decree because it was assumed that "what the decree did would be permanent law." As late as January 17, 1930, discussing the situation on the floor of the Senate, he said, "The decree was entered into for the purpose of preventing legislation by Congress, with the object, I think, of having it all set aside as soon as Congress adjourned." If the decree is modified, or set aside, the packers will have outwitted the Department of Justice, the Interstate Commerce Commission and Congress. Any one of these instances may not be thought a particularly creditable achievement, but all three together are something of a feat.

Why should a decree, which has never been enforced, be modified or set aside? Why not give the thing a chance? Somebody must have believed in it once, even allowing for the government's innocence and the packers' wiles. Why not let us see whether it will work? It has served the packers' purposes; is it not fair that it should be allowed to do something for the public? It was only as lately as February 12, 1930, that Attorney General Mitchell wrote to Senator McNary, "The provisions of the decree, especially with reference to packer ownership of stockyard stock and handling of unrelated commodities, have never been fully complied with."

Why is it that only two out of the original five packers consenting to the decree now object to it? The mere fact that one firm has been absorbed by another does not answer the question. Two are left which seem content for they have not asked for modification.

Attorneys general can no longer pass the issue to the courts, as some have sought to do. The government and the packers consented together to an agreement, which, to all intents and purposes, became a perpetual contract. The court only sanctioned it and entered it as of record. In doing so, the court merely said that the decree was right in itself, meaning that there was no evidence of fraud or misrepresentation of fact and that the parties could agree to anything mutually satisfactory. The decree cannot be changed without the consent of all parties to it. Now neither the government nor the packers can dissent without the consent of the other. The issue, therefore, is squarely before the Attor-



Keystone

Loading cattle for shipment

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ney General. The Supreme Court of the United States has declared the decree valid. If it is changed, or annulled, what is to become of hundred and one other decrees of the kind? If it is thought economical and time saving for the government to settle anti-trust prosecutions against big business by consent decrees, what is the value of such settlement if it is to be immediately unsettled by modification or annulment?

THIS leads to a further question which has been asked before. Have we real leadership in Washington? President Hoover has called America the most lawless nation on earth. He has given statistics and no one has refuted them. He has appointed a commission on law enforcement. The packers' consent decree gives him the greatest chance of his career. In 1917, President Wilson instructed the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the production, manufacture and distribution of food. In its report the commission said:

"It appears that five great packing concerns of the country have attained such a dominant position that they control at will the market in which they buy their supplies, the markets in which they sell their products, and hold the fortunes of their competitors in their hands."

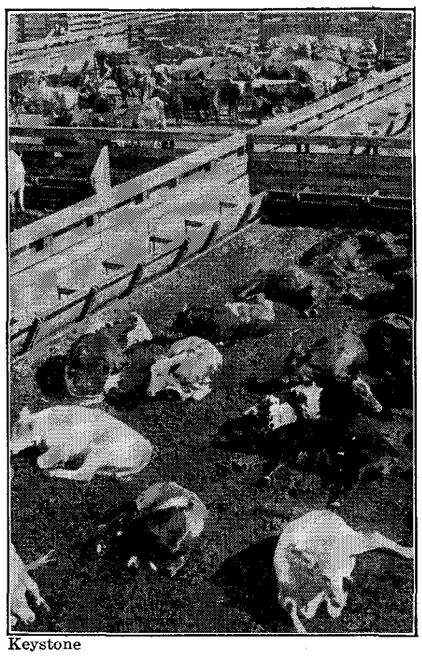
President Wilson consulted Mr. Hoover, who was then food administrator, and the latter reported, with reference to the Chicago meat packers, that "there is here a growing and dangerous domination of the handling of the nation's foodstuffs."

On September 11, 1918, Mr. Hoover wrote to President Wilson a letter, too long to quote here, but from which a few extracts are as significant today as when they were written. They are:

As these few firms are the final reservoir for all classes of animals, when the few yards where they buy become erratically over-supplied with more animals than their absolute requirements, it remains in their hands to fluctuate prices by mere refusal to buy—and not necessarily by any conspiracy. . . .

The problem we have to consider, however, is the ultimate social result of this expanding domination, and whether it can be replaced by a system of better social character and of equal economic efficiency for the present and of greater promise for the future. It is certain, to my mind, that these businesses have been economically efficient in their period of competitive upgrowth, but, as time goes on, this efficiency cannot fail to diminish and, like all monopolies, begin to defend itself by repression rather than by efficiency. The worst social result of this whole growth and domination of trade is the undermining of the initiative and the equal opportunity of our people and the tyranny which necessarily follows in the commercial world. . . .

It appears to me at least worth thought as to whether these aggregations should not be confined to more narrow and limited activities, say those involved in the slaughter of animals, the preparation and marketing of the products therefrom alone. Such a course might solve the branch house problem, and it is not an unknown legislative control, as witness our banks, railways and insurance companies. . . .



Keystone

Union stockyards, Chicago

In summation, I believe that the ultimate solution of this problem is to be obtained by assuring equal opportunity in transportation, equal opportunity in location of manufacturing sites, and the limitation of the activities of these businesses.

The whole letter is an elaborate presentation of the subject, with some thoughtful suggestions and prevision of the future. The packers proudly quote Mr. Hoover's commendation of their efficiency, but they omit all reference to his deductions and do not mention his comments on the social aspects of the case. Despite vacillation on the part of some of his predecessors and with some inheritance of the kind evident in himself, but finally in harmony with the prophetic views of Mr. Hoover, Attorney General William D. Mitchell said on July 21, 1930, in his response to Senator Black's resolution, "It is my intention to present to the court every justifiable argument and fact which tend to the conclusion that the decree should not be modified." Certainly the decree *should not be modified, except for some* unanswerable reason, and such a reason has not yet been offered.

On this score, and three others, there seems to be some reasonable ground for the suspicions recently expressed by many senators that there is something very much like encroachment by the executive branch of the government upon, if not actual usurpation of, the legislative function. The abandonment of the prosecution against the packers, because of the consent decree, is tantamount to non-enforcement of the anti-trust laws, so far as those charges are concerned, if the decree is now modified or set aside. Surely that is not stretching the imagination.

Allowing the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in the case of the National Wholesale Grocers' Association against all the railroads of the country for preferential services to the packers, to stand, relying, as it does, largely upon the consent decree; and then modifying or setting aside that decree, amount to a perversion of the commission's decision. Certainly that is not carrying an inference too far.

Persuading Congress to omit certain provisions of the stockyards bill because the consent decree provided the same things, and then, after the enactment of the bill without those objectionable features, to seek modification or nullification of the decree, come pretty close to defeating the purpose of legislation.

To say that the answer to the petitions of Armour and Swift for modification rests with the courts, after the validity of the decree has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States upon a hearing of the whole merits of the case, is making a Gilbert and Sullivan farce of the judiciary. If this is business in government, let us be ruled frankly by business, but not indirectly.

Armour and Swift base their petitions principally upon economic changes. They plead the growth of the chain store. They say, in effect, that they want to save the dear public from the potential monopoly of the chains. This is no argument. The real answer is, that when the chains get a monopoly, they should be controlled, too.

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Rum, Padlocks and Buffoonery

By CHARLES MERZ

In the sixth chapter of The Dry Decade Mr. Merz describes the origin and failure of two new enforcement methods adopted by the Prohibition Bureau to remedy the situation resulting from Congress's refusal to appropriate sufficient funds. These methods were the prohibition "drive" and the padlock injunction.

BY 1925 the pattern of prohibition in the United States was definitely standardized. The first great symbol of enforcement was the drive.

It was inevitable in the circumstances that this should be the case. The willingness of Congress to let the law shift for itself, the failure of any President to raise the issue of increased appropriations and the inadequacy of any means of enforcement available to the Prohibition Bureau created a vacuum which the casual efforts of state and municipal officers did not fill.

In the face of widespread opposition to the law, problems on many sides, and too small a staff at its own command to meet all of these problems simultaneously, the federal government was constantly compelled to mobilize part of its staff in some special place for the achievement of some special purpose, neglecting, meantime, various other problems which it hoped to take up later.

This was the origin of the prohibition drive, and by 1925 the regular routine of enforcement was to pyramid fresh offensives on familiar fronts as rapidly as the Prohibition Bureau could complete an orbit of its responsibilities. One favorite battleground for such an effort was along the Atlantic Coast, where a flotilla of rum-runners was constantly reassembling at a different point from the point at which it was dispersed. A second battleground was along the border-line between Canada and the United States, where drive followed drive with unfailing regularity, as frequently as the Prohibition Bureau could devote its major interest to the problem of preventing smuggling.

The first such drive began in August, 1921, when it was announced that federal and state officials would pool their forces in an effort to put an end to an illicit traffic which had reached formidable proportions during the first eighteen months of prohibition[1].

The second drive began in the summer of the following year, when a fresh supply of men, this time reinforced with "naval craft, Coast Guard cutters, airships, armored trucks and high-powered motor cars," was sent to the border by the federal government[2].

The third drive followed in June, 1923, when it was reported that "every available prohibition agent in the country" would be brought to Detroit for a fresh effort[3].

The fourth drive began in December of the same year, when "the greatest assemblage of federal enforcement officers ever seen in Michigan" gathered at Detroit[4]; the fifth in May, 1925, when "for the first time all the government's activities" were "being concentrated on the border in a terrific drive[5]"; and the sixth in the following August, when it was announced that "no limit" would be placed on the size of the border patrol "at every strategic point between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic" and reported from Washington that in a determined effort to destroy an illegal traffic "the suggestion has been made that the trees be cleared away from the international boundary for a depth of three miles to facilitate the watch against smuggling operations[6]."

None of these drives, as was demonstrated by the necessity of initiating its successor, succeeded in reaching its objective. None could reasonably be expected to furnish a satisfactory substitute for a staff of agents large enough to deal with the problem of smuggling systematically rather than in sudden spurts. The fact remains that when one drive had failed, the Prohibition Bureau had no recourse save to start another. This was the method of enforcement decreed by a dry Congress.

ON A local scale, the counterpart of the national drive was the endless series of minor raids initiated by the same inadequate staff of federal agents wherever they suspected that liquor was being sold: in restaurants, amusement parks, roadhouses, cabarets, cigar stores, pool rooms and delicatessen shops.

As the experiment with national prohibition progressed, the activities of the federal government in this type of work increased at a steadily accelerating pace. Between 1921 and 1925 the amount of distilled spirits seized by agents of the Prohibition Bureau increased from 413,987 gallons to 1,102,787 gallons; the amount of malt liquor from 4,963,005 gallons to 7,040,537 gallons; the amount of wine, cider, mash and pomace from 428,303 gallons to 10,572,933 gallons[7]—an increase in five years' time of 2368 per cent.

If it is difficult to read any realistic meaning into these figures by considering them as abstract numbers, it is at least possible to suggest the character of the problem of destroying an apparently endless quantity of illicit liquor, and the ingenuity forced upon the government in dealing with this problem, by considering the individual activities of two federal agents who have left an indelible impression behind them in the history of prohibition in New York.

These two agents are Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith. Fantastic as their story seemed to be in 1925, judged in the light of the activities which the public had hitherto associated with the responsibilities of the federal government, the sheer extravagance of some of the exploits upon which these agents of the law embarked was in itself a revealing measure of the task confronting the federal government when it found itself unable to control the sources of production of illegal liquor and compelled to pursue the supply in driblets through the mazes of a hostile city.

Izzy and Moe disguised themselves as automobile cleaners, raided the Pioneer Garage on West Broadway and seized nine barrels of beer and 244 cases of whisky.[8] They disguised themselves as milk drivers, carrying customers' account books, visited nine saloons on the East Side of New York and made seventeen arrests[9]. They disguised themselves as grave-diggers, raided a speakeasy across from Woodlawn Cemetery and confiscated fifty barrels of alcohol[10].

For the purpose of other raids, and in each case with comparable success,

1. *Associated Press dispatch*, Detroit, August 15, 1921.
2. *New York Times*, July 29, 1922.
3. *Associated Press dispatch*, Detroit, June 13, 1923.
4. *Associated Press dispatch*, Detroit, December 5, 1923.
5. *New York Times*, May 15, 1925.
6. *New York Times*, August 5, 9, 20, 1925.
7. *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 64.
8. *New York World*, January 5, 1923.
9. *New York World*, November 2, 1921.
10. *New York World*, March 4, 1922.

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they took to the streets disguised as vegetable venders, as fishermen, as horse-dealers, as street-car conductors, as church-goers in the Palm Sunday parade along Fifth Avenue and as salesmen of a wholesale grocery concern, offering turkeys to the Thanksgiving trade[11]. On his own score, and without benefit of assistance from his usual companion, Izzy appeared in the rôle of a thirsty motorman, a football player in Van Cortlandt Park, a patron of a suspicious pawnshop, an ice-man catering to saloons in Brooklyn, a trombone player offering to treat new friends at the Yorkville Casino and an actor who joined the Fern Club under the pseudonym of Ethelbert Santerre[12].

Certainly in the pursuit of illicit liquor through the labyrinth of New York City no more substantial contribution was made to enforcement of the law than by these two resourceful agents. Their superior officers in the Prohibition Bureau credited them with responsibility for twenty per cent of the cases brought to trial in New York City. The Supreme Court of the United States honored them on one occasion by upholding their interpretation of the law[13]. When the time came finally for the government to dispense with their services, presumably on the theory that a too generous publicity had robbed them of their usefulness, Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler and other friends of prohibition interceded unsuccessfully in their behalf[14].

Damon and Pythias in the armor of enforcement, through four years of raids the enterprising figures of Izzy and Moe appeared in silhouette against the cynicism of the city as symbols of the law.

THERE was one unmistakable characteristic of prohibition raids, whether undertaken by federal agents or by local police officials: the energy and the frequency of such raids varied with the degree of criticism to which the federal or local government found itself exposed. When public interest in the law was at low ebb and the public's mind was more engaged with Wall Street or with summer sports than with the question of enforcement, raids as a rule were at their minimum. When something suddenly occurred to stimulate interest in the law and to focus public attention sharply, if momentarily, on the question of enforcement, raids frequently picked up with astonishing celerity.

A case in point may be cited from the experience of Philadelphia. In October, 1923, the administration of the law in that city was proceeding in a thoroughly normal fashion when Governor Gifford Pinchot charged in an address before the Women's Christian Temperance Union that the Philadelphia police were making "practically no effort" to obtain enforcement and that saloons were operating in open defiance of the law[15].

Keystone

MOE SMITH AND IZZY EINSTEIN

Two federal agents who left an indelible impression behind them in the history of prohibition in New York

This sharp criticism of conditions of enforcement, made by the Governor of the state and arousing widespread comment, coincided with the election of a new Mayor in Philadelphia, Mr. W. Freeland Kendrick, who volunteered to give the law a different type of administration under a more aggressive Director of Public Safety.

With this end in view Mr. Kendrick appealed to the President in December, 1923, for a loan of the services of Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler of the United States Marine Corps. General Butler had no previous experience as a prohibition officer, but he was a strong disciplinarian whose complete independence of local politics was a demonstrated fact. To his new public in Philadelphia he announced that he had not sought this position and did not particularly want it, but that having accepted it he was "going to do it right or not at all[16]." He had heard it said that prohibition could not be enforced. "That is silly. Any law can be enforced precisely as it is written if the men responsible want it done[17]."

With this much by way of prelude, General Butler took command of the Police Department on January 7, 1924, and immediately the guns began to roar. Nine hundred and seventy-three saloons were closed in his first five days in office, the new Director of Public Safety announced on January 11[18]. Two thousand arrests were made in round-ups during his second week in office[19]. Four hundred policemen were shifted overnight in an attempt to improve the morale of the police force[20]. The city's sixteen hundred firemen were invited by General Butler to "pitch in and help enforce the law[21]." So-called "best society" was warned it could expect no special favors. "The day has passed in Philadelphia," announced the Director of Public Safety, "when societies and organizations can hold banquets in big hotels and serve liquor. We don't care who is holding them. We will arrest all the 'four hundred' if we catch that many in possession of illegal liquor[22]."

Here, certainly, was an enforcement officer made to order for those eager friends of prohibition who believed that what the situation needed was energy and a little backbone. "What General Butler has done in Philadelphia in a

11. *New York Times*, November 22, 1922; *Ibid.*, July 17, 1923; *New York Herald*, January 26, 1922; *New York World*, June 9, 1921; *Ibid.*, April 10, 1922; *New York Times*, November 27, 1922.
12. *New York Tribune*, July 12, 1921; *New York Herald*, October 31, 1921; *New York Times*, April 12, 1923; *New York Tribune*, June 21, 1921; *New York Times*, March 26, 1922; *Ibid.*, July 23, 1925.
13. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, April 13, 1925.
14. *New York Times*, November 20, 1925.
15. *Associated Press dispatch*, Erie, Pa., October 6, 1923.
16. *New York Times*, December 23, 1923.
17. *Ibid.*
18. *New York Times*, January 12, 1924.
19. *New York Times*, January 20, 1924.
20. *Associated Press dispatch*, Philadelphia, January 25, 1924.
21. *New York Times*, January 17, 1924.
22. *New York Times*, January 11, 1924.

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few short weeks can be done throughout the entire country if the people will rise up and support the law," declared Mr. Josephus Daniels. "As soon as Butler is finished in Philadelphia he should be called to Washington and made national prohibition enforcer[23]." Similar statements appeared in other quarters. From a state conference of the Methodist Church in New Jersey came a message of congratulations, expressing hope that action comparable with General Butler's would promptly "be taken in every town and every city in New Jersey[24]."

For the moment, enthusiasm unquestionably ran high. Under pressure of events, however, General Butler's experiment gradually assumed a somewhat different form. The public began to hear less of raids, of round-ups and of ultimatums, and more of factional disputes, of disagreements behind the scenes and of quarrels with the politicians.

Thus in April, 1924, General Butler informed the press that he had been "double-crossed" by some of the men closest to him in the Police Department[25]. In July there were reports of a disagreement with the Mayor which threatened to lead to a crisis but ultimately ended in reconciliation[26]. In April, 1925, after his leave of absence from the Marine Corps had been extended for a second year, there came more serious reports that General Butler himself was tiring of his responsibilities. Enforcing the law in Philadelphia, he now informed the Associated Press, "is worse than any battle I was ever in. . . . The petty annoyances that are piled on me are worse than the Chinese drip torture[27]."

This theory of his responsibilities he expanded in September. "The path of law enforcement," he insisted, "has been blocked by powerful influences, by legal machinery that should have been an aid and by the invocation of technicalities." So formidable were these obstacles that in General Butler's opinion "enforcement of prohibition in this city is virtually stopped." This was a disillusioning conclusion for an enforcement officer who had begun his work in all good faith, but the trouble lay deep down. "Law enforcement on an absolutely even basis has not had the support of the people of Philadelphia and does not have it now[28]."

Three months later, confessing that he was not reluctant to be leaving Philadelphia—"the job isn't worth staying for—a waste of time[29]"—General Butler took leave of the post which he had filled for two eventful years. The conditions which he had come to correct admittedly lived after him. So did his method of enforcement to which he had given fresh vigor and publicity.

Long after General Butler had returned to the Marines and a quieter life in another section of the country, Police Unit No. 1, which he had created for special enforcement work in his first days in Philadelphia, still plugged ahead at the task to which he had assigned it. On Christmas night in 1926 it completed its ten-thousandth raid[30].

Underwood

GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER
Enforcing the law "is worse than any battle I was ever in"

In the statement in which he announced his departure from Philadelphia, General Butler reported that one of the greatest handicaps with which he had had to contend was the difficulty of enforcing prohibition in the courts. Of more than six thousand people arrested for alleged violations during his second year in office, he pointed out that only 212 had been convicted. This was a discouragingly small percentage. "The result clearly shows," it seemed to General Butler, "that enforcement hasn't amounted to a row of pins after the arrests were made[31]."

In calling attention to this chapter of his experience in Philadelphia, General Butler was in reality calling attention to one of the major characteristics of the pattern of enforcement not only in Philadelphia but in the country as a whole. The second half of the effort to enforce prohibition with too small a staff of agents to control the major sources of production was the problem of dealing out punishment for minor violations with an insufficient staff of judges and attorneys in the courts.

It was in an effort to find some instrument of enforcement which would not give the federal courts more business than they could profitably handle, and an effort to supplement its policy of raids and drives with something which would not melt away in the fashion of General Butler's arrests in Philadelphia, that the Prohibition Bureau evolved its policy of padlocks. There had been a certain amount of experiment with this method from the start. But it was in the third year of prohibition, according to Commissioner Haynes, "that some one hit upon this tool. It was labeled 'injunction.' It could be used, it was argued, under Sections 21, 22, 23 and 24 of the National Prohibition Act. And so it proved[32]."

The sections of the Prohibition Act to which Mr. Haynes referred were those sections broadly defining "any room, house, building . . . where intoxicating liquor is manufactured, sold or kept" as "a common nuisance" and giving the federal government power to apply for a temporary injunction against such a nuisance, with the further provision that "upon judgment of the court ordering such nuisance to be abated, the court may order that the room, house, building . . . or place shall not be occupied or used for one year thereafter."

The convenience of these provisions, for the purposes of the Prohibition Bureau, lay in the character of the penalty prescribed. A series of raids on a speakeasy known to be selling liquor usually had no other effect than to interrupt its profits momentarily.

23. *New York Times*, February 8, 1924.
24. *Associated Press dispatch*, Atlantic City, March 8, 1924.
25. *Associated Press dispatch*, Philadelphia, April 8, 1924.
26. *New York Times*, July 21, 1924; *Associated Press dispatch*, Philadelphia, October 2, 1924.
27. *Associated Press dispatch*, Philadelphia, April 21, 1925.
28. *New York Times*, September 13, 1925.
29. *Associated Press dispatch*, Philadelphia, November 21, 1925.
30. *New York Times*, December 26, 1926.
31. *New York Times*, September 13, 1925.
32. *New York Times*, August 8, 1923.

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Once a place was padlocked, however, in theory at least it remained padlocked for a year. Moreover, this method had the advantage of a liberal interpretation in the courts. Although some conflict of opinion appeared upon the point, a single sale accompanied by possession of other liquor on the premises was held in test cases to be sufficient to warrant the issue of a padlock injunction[33].

So promising did this method of procedure seem to be, following its rediscovery in 1922, that the government took advantage of it on an increasingly large scale. In 1922, 1,270 injunctions were issued by the courts, as compared with 466 during the previous year. In 1923 the number of injunctions increased to 1,928; in 1924, to 3,342 and in 1925 to 4,471[34].

Over a wide front the government sought diligently to invoke this method as a supplement to the arrests which it was making in these years. In New York City five hundred speakeasies were padlocked by an industrious federal attorney within thirteen months[35]. In Chicago an entire hotel of one hundred and twenty-five rooms was closed as a result of frequent violations of the law[36]. In the same city padlocks were placed on the doors of two private residences, following the conviction of occupants of these buildings on a charge of manufacturing and distributing liquor[37].

So zealously was the injunction method used that in northern California the government actually succeeded in padlocking a tree. The tree was a redwood, twenty-four feet in diameter, six miles from the town of Dyerville. A hollow chamber in its base concealed a fifty-gallon still. Kerosene was used as fuel and the light smoke disappeared through a flue amid the foliage. Entrance to the chamber was concealed by a strip of canvas painted to resemble bark[38]. Over this strip of canvas, when the government had won its case in court, was hung a placard reading: "Closed for One Year for Violation of the National Prohibition Act."

As might have been anticipated, the government's resort to padlocking procedure on an increasing scale was not accomplished without protest on the part of a number of people, in no way involved in violations of the law, who believed this procedure to be arbitrary and unfair. Critics of the padlock method insisted that it was applied without benefit of a proper trial by jury. They insisted that it inflicted punishment which varied not with the character of the offense against the law but, in a wholly capricious manner, with the value of the property involved. Whatever the force of these objections, it was unquestionably true that the padlock method could be applied with less time and energy than any other method suggested by the Volstead Act and that it was a far more effective principle of action to close the doors of a building for a year than to raid it every Monday.

Nevertheless, with this much in its favor, it must be said that only an extremely optimistic agent of the law would have welcomed the padlock method as a complete solution of his problems. There were inherent difficulties in the padlock method, as might have been inferred from the relatively small number of padlock proceedings in the whole run of prohibition cases.

(1) Plainly the effectiveness of the padlock was measured by the circumstances of the individual case. It might make a three days' sensation in the headlines to padlock for one year a supper club patronized by a coterie of leading citizens. It was of little use to padlock a deserted warehouse or a dilapidated barn where two 500-gallon stills manufactured enough liquor in a month to last a dozen night clubs for a year. The owners of such a plant simply reinvested part of their capital in new equipment and sought another site.

(2) There were certain technical difficulties of a formidable nature which had to be faced in padlock procedure. Summarizing its experience at a somewhat later date, the Prohibition Bureau pointed out that fictitious leases, oral assignments of leases and dummy corporations were frequently used to conceal the real identity of guilty parties, and asserted, "Records show that service [in padlock cases] cannot be secured in more than fifty per cent of the cases brought and that not more than thirty-five per cent of the cases are finally closed by order of the court[39]."

(3) Finally, there was the manifest difficulty of keeping a padlock locked, once the key was turned. Testifying before a committee of Congress in April, 1926, the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York declared that one of the constantly recurring problems in this method of enforcement was the problem of preventing padlocked places from re-opening for business at some convenient date after the courts had closed their doors. "We have nobody to see to that. . . . We have no way of knowing except as we rely upon the neighbors for information." For Congress, in its reluctance to tax the country heavily in the interest of enforcement, had given the executive department only twenty-three agents to handle padlock procedure in a district with a population of eight million people[40].

Once more, in a familiar manner, the story of enforcement returned to the question of half-hearted interest and inadequate appropriations.

By 1925 the pattern of enforcement was clearly defined and reasonably well standardized. In the first place, lacking adequate personnel to handle its various problems simultaneously, the Prohibition Bureau had fallen back upon a policy of mobilizing part of its personnel for special drives. These drives were supplemented by padlock action wherever possible and by local raids on the part of both federal and local officers. Raids varied in number and intensity in direct proportion to the amount of criticism current at the moment: increasing with signs of active dissatisfaction and subsiding with a falling-off of public interest. The result which they achieved was the arrest by federal officers of 313,940 suspected violators of the law during the first six years of prohibition[41] and the arrest by state and municipal officers of an unknown number of suspected violators, presumably much larger. It was not contended that the government had succeeded in arresting every person guilty of breaking the law, but merely that it had succeeded in arresting as many guilty persons as it could. "We do not begin to arrest all that are guilty," General Andrews told a Senate committee in 1926. "We can not[42]."

In the second place, while the number of arrests was too small to encom-

(Please Turn to Page 398)

33. United States v. Eilert Brewing & Beverage Co., 278 F. 659 (1921); Lewisohn v. United States, 278 F. 421 (1922), certiorari denied 258 U. S. 630 (1922).
34. *Padlock Procedure*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 5.
35. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 102.
36. *Padlock Procedure*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 43.
37. *New York Times*, January 25, 1925.
38. *Associated Press dispatch*, San Francisco, April 8, 1926.
39. *Padlock Procedure*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, pp. 10-11.
40. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 188-9.
41. *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 64.
42. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 57.

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▶▶ The Stream of Business ◀◀

▶▶*With the Cornhuskers*

FROM Kansas, over the line into Nebraska, with stops at Lincoln, the political capital, and Omaha, the business capital of the state. Business in Lincoln was fair, in spite of the depression, but the city is primarily a governmental and educational rather than a commercial center. The new capitol is a beauty, as perhaps it should be after costing close to ten million dollars. The low-lying basic structure typifies Nebraska's wide-spreading acres; the graceful tower in the center its high aspirations. This is one of the finest conceptions of Goodhue, the architectural genius who unfortunately did not live to see the work completed.

Omaha is a great distribution center, with meat-packing and milling as its outstanding industries. From the point of view of stockyard activity, it is second only to Chicago, having nosed out Kansas City for the place. Its position on the west bank of the Missouri, at the gateway to Chicago and the east, is strategic. Business enterprise and civic pride work together here, as in Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Ak-Sar-Ben (for the derivation, spell it backward), an organization of 5,000 business men, holds an annual carnival attracting hundreds of thousands of visitors and conducts two race meetings a year on its own track.

Nebraska as a whole is in an encouragingly cheerful frame of mind. The effects of the drought were not nearly so serious as anticipated, and the state will harvest about 230,000,000 bushels of corn. This is several million bushels above the five-year average. The Nebraskans are diversified farmers and stock-raisers. Our forecast is that they will support a volume of trade for 1930 at least as large as that of 1929.

▶▶*Our Cruising Radius*

FOR the past five weeks we have been giving readers of this page impressions of "The Stream of Business" as we have followed its flow from New York as far west as Wichita. The expedition was full of experiences, most of which were pleasant and all of which were illuminating. It had a purpose, which was to get a point of view on business that the desk-bound editorial writer cannot possibly acquire.

By FRANK A. FALL

New York is not the United States, although several million Americans and not a few Europeans are inclined to think that it is. New York does express,

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 23—82.7. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) October 23—72.6.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 11—954,874 cars (reduction of 17,618 under preceding week and of 224,666 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended October 18—53.5% of capacity (reduction of 1.5% under preceding week and of 26.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended October 18—2,370,750 barrels (increase of 3,950 over preceding week; reduction of 532,450 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended October 18—1,508,000 bushels (reduction of 752,000 under preceding week and of 1,206,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 23—$9,850,551,000 (increase of 3.3% over preceding week; reduction of 3.51% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 23—491 (increase of 31 over preceding week and of 36 over same week of 1929).

to a certain extent, both the virtues and the vices of the country as a whole, but the expression is far from complete. The only way to know the country intimately is to get out and see it, placing the camera near enough for a close-up.

And one must keep seeing it—because it changes so fast. You visit a city of 90,000 people, and when you get around again, not so very many years later, you find it a metropolis of more than 400,000. In effect, it is a new city. It must be re-appraised and re-rated in the light of its phenomenal growth.

So, as long as we continue to conduct this page, we shall do our best to keep moving, increasing our cruising radius as often and as much as possible.

▶▶*Pick 'Em at Random*

A HANDSOME reward awaits the genius who will invent some device to keep stock market prices within hailing distance of values. During the mushroom expansion period the operators, aided substantially by a gullible and greedy public, pumped prices up to a level that was nothing less than ridiculous. Came the dawn, and prices of stocks, including the good ones, are now in the trough and just as ridiculous as they were at the peak of the bull market.

It makes one wonder just how many members of our army of stock-buyers have ever made the acquaintance of the word "yield." American Car and Foundry, at the current price, will give you a return of 15.38% on your investment. American Locomotive yields 13.33%; American Sugar Refining 11.83; Eaton Axle and Spring 18.6; Federal Screw Works 20.69; General Asphalt 13.33; Kayser 13.88; Lehn and Fink 13.19; Savage Arms 12.4; and U. S. Industrial Alcohol 11.43%.

These are selected at random from a list which is full of similar bargains. If you prefer the motors, there is Chrysler yielding 17.65%; Hudson 13.8; Mack Truck 13.4; Reo 7.28; and Studebaker 12.25%. If you favor the rails, take a look at Northwestern, 10.95%; St. Louis-San Francisco 11.51; and Southern 11.1%. Why such stocks as these are not being fought for is a mystery, but the public will doubtless continue to contribute to the old army game by deferring purchases until prices go skyrocketing again. Herbert Casson is right. A few years from now the I-wish-I-had Club will have a record-breaking membership.

▶▶*Gunning for Fraud*

IN VIRTUALLY every case of business fraud, accounting is discovered to be an important factor. Direct theft is uncommon, as compared with the crookednesses of employees who have access to the books and handle the money which is recorded in them.

In *Fraud—Its Control Through Accounts* (Century $1.50) Dr. George E. Bennett of Syracuse University tells how frauds are perpetrated and how proper accounting methods will prevent them, or at least reduce the possibility of their being brought to a successful conclusion.

Dr. Bennett lists and describes ten specific possibilities for fraud in connection with check disbursements and receipts; seventeen in connection with cash receipts; nine in the handling of payrolls; and four in the handling of merchandise and materials.

That some crooks are clever is evidenced by their ability to turn the same old trick time after time without being detected. In order to break up the racket, the management must be more clever than the crooks, and Dr. Bennett's book shows precisely how this desirable condition may be realized.

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Little Boy Blue

By GEORGE TREVOR

YALE at Athens, Georgia, October, 1929. Maffett, Georgia's husky end, charges deep into Yale's backfield at the snap of the ball, collars Albie Booth by the neck, slings the midget around like a terrier worrying a rat, crashes him savagely on the sun-baked turf and pins him beneath one hundred and eighty pounds of beef.

Up pops Albie, jack-in-the-box fashion, shakes himself nonchalantly as though to efface the tell tale clods of red clay. Turns that blandly insolent smile on his tormentor and says: "See here, Mr. Maffett, there are some things that don't go in this game."

"You're right," retorts Maffett, "and one of 'em is Albie Booth!" That was the first and perhaps the last time that anybody has come off best in a verbal duel with Yale's restless midget.

What's more, Maffett called the turn that sweltering afternoon in the magnolia-scented South. Booth "didn't go" against Georgia in the dedication game, nor did he have much better luck when Georgia visited New Haven a few weeks back.

Those hard-bitten Georgia farm boys seem to have Albie's number—something that none of Yale's other rivals, save Harvard, possesses. In justice to Booth, a genius if ever there was one in football, it must be said that he got little co-operation from his shaky line against the inspired southerners, while at Cambridge, last fall, he was hobbled by a "charley horse."

Biologists would class Albie Booth as a "sport," meaning an inexplicable deviation from type. Football critics call him "the best little man since Hinkey." Tuss McLoughry, whose Brown eleven was recently riddled by the mighty atom, goes still further: "In thirty years of watching and coaching football," says McLoughry, "I've never seen Booth's equal for sheer elusiveness."

Georgia's players dissent from this opinion. "You northerners think this here Booth is unstopable," halfback Dickens told me on the night of the Yale game, "but you sure must be spoofin' us. We all regard Tom Taylor as a better player."

Harvard, smugly skeptical, must be shown before jumping on the Booth band wagon. At Cambridge they affect an amused tolerance as regards the hysterical heroics over little Albie. Harvard's coaches respect, but do not fear, Booth. At least that's their story.

Harvard partisans who saw last year's Yale game love to chaff their Eli friends about Booth's ceremonious unveiling. You recall the episode. Midway in the first half, with Yale pressing the attack on Harvard's eighteen yard line, fourth down, two to go, Coach Stevens decided to rush Booth into the game for a drop kick.

The huge crowd couldn't believe its eyes when a sawed-off gnome, muffled up Esquimau fashion in a wool-lined trench coat and a hooded cowl, reminiscent of a medieval monk, stalked into the arena. Standing in the middle of Soldiers' Field, Booth began to undress with irritating deliberation. As he pulled off one garment after another he handed them to a Yale assistant manager, who stood beside him like an arms-bearer of feudal times. First came the trench jacket, followed by a heavy pull-over sweater, and a gray woolen V-necked jersey. People began to laugh.

Removing his mittens leisurely, Albie accepted the white leather headguard proffered by his retainer with all the hauteur of Sir Lancelot donning his plumed helmet and followed this elaborate ritual by booting the ball squarely into his own line! It was a ludicrous anti-climax.

You can never convince Harvard men that Yale didn't stage-manage Booth's disrobing act in order to break Crimson morale. If such was the purpose, this gesture had precisely the opposite effect. Goaded to anger by what they considered theatrical hokum, Harvard's eleven marched eighty yards to the winning touchdown.

WHAT sort of a boy is this football prodigy? Strangely enough, flamboyant publicity has not turned Albie's head. Hero worship, mass hysteria, such as no football player save Red Grange has been subjected to, has left Booth unspoiled. Off the field, he is the same modest, unassuming youngster who only a few years ago played football on the New Haven sand lots as a member of the Oak Street Boys' Club, a Y. M. C. A. mission. This level-headedness is greatly to Booth's credit since he comes from a family which hasn't known wealth, social prestige, or the luxuries of living.

On the football field Booth sloughs off his diffidence, changes character with a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde abruptness. Once he dons the blue jersey with the big 48 that all but covers his little back, Albie becomes the domineering driver, the natural born leader whose voice snaps like a whip.

Unobtrusive off the gridiron, Booth becomes inordinately cocky when he takes the helm of the Yale team. He has that dash of arrogance, that insolent conceit, which makes the born competitor. Without being swell-headed, Albie knows he is good and he doesn't hesitate to let his mates and opponents know he is aware of the fact.

This brash youngster once had the temerity to rebuke Captain Firpo Greene for failing to execute an assignment in practice. You can better appreciate Booth's presumption if you realize the glamour, born of tradition, with which a Yale captain is invested.

Assurance stamps every move Albie makes on the field. His chip-on-the-shoulder chestiness, his patronizing "there, there, little boy," attitude gets under the skin of hot-blooded rivals, but Booth only smiles when they maul him mercilessly. The kid is hard clear through.

Albie can "take it," can stand the gaff of a brutal game, but he is a past master at avoiding shocks. If he sees that he is cornered he isn't too proud to step out of bounds, turning his back to the tackler, and favoring his annoyer with a cynical grin.

Technically speaking, Booth is a football anomaly. Though he weighs only one hundred and thirty-eight pounds and stands just five feet six, he bores through the middle of the line instead of turning the flanks. Contrary to popular opinion, Booth isn't particularly fast. He's often caught from behind; hasn't enough sheer speed to double the ends.

Anything but a battering ram, Booth nevertheless takes the line-plunger's path via the thick of the mêlée en route to open country. He flits through the keyhole where others batter down the door, darts this way and that past tacklers like a minnow weaving through a tangled skein of bulrushes. Yale's hop o' my thumb is the only pint sized climax runner in football history who gets loose by penetrating the heart of the enemy line.

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▶▶ Chain Stores and Politicians ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

IN WASHINGTON a federal court is now listening to the pleas of Armour & Company and Swift & Company for a modification of the packers' consent decree of 1920, under which the leading packing companies agreed to refrain thenceforth from engaging in retail business and to confine their operations to the manufacture and wholesale distribution of meat products. Counsel for the government had alleged that retailing by the big packers was unfair competition, as pointed out by Mr. Foster in his article entitled "Uncle Sam *vs.* the Packers," in the preceding pages of this issue.

The most interesting thing about this case today is not its anti-trust aspects but the ground upon which the packing companies urge a revision. They claim that since 1920 a great change has occurred in merchandise distribution and that the restrictions imposed upon them should be modified to meet the new conditions. They point out, for example, that some of the chain-grocery companies now slaughter and dress the meats to be sold in their stores, and they insist that since this is permitted it is no longer equitable to deny the packers a retail outlet for their products.

Let us consider the undisputed fact on which this plea is based—namely, the transformation in retail distribution incident to the expansion of chain stores. Of retail trade in general we have few accurate data. A rough estimate fixes the number of retail stores in the United States at about a million and a half, of which over 100,000 are members of various chains. This would indicate, roughly, that about one store in every fifteen belongs to a chain.

There is reason to believe, however, that the chains transact considerably more than one-fifteenth of the country's retail business. A survey made several years ago showed that in seven cities they were enjoying a little more than a fourth of the retail trade in these centers. This is not a fair picture of the situation throughout the country, for this survey showed that the stronghold of the chains is in the large cities. In Chicago, for example, they had over a third of the business of all reporting establishments, but in Fargo, North Dakota, their share was only six per cent. In the light of this fragmentary information we may assume that chain stores have obtained control possibly of ten per cent of the retail trade of the United States. If this assumption errs, it is on the side of conservatism.

The steady spread of chain stores into semi-rural regions in recent years has begun to produce some interesting political repercussions. The village shopkeeper seems to have more influence with his governor and his representative in the legislature than does the small dealer in the city. Probably he feels the chain-store competition more keenly. He knows all his customers personally, knows about how much they spend each month, and when any of their trade goes from him to the chain competitor he can detect it at once. The city retailer, with a dozen or more competitors in two or three blocks, cannot be so sure of the effects of chain-store competition.

In rural communities, too, the chain's competition seems to be more deadly than in the cities. Many small-town tradesmen are leading a precarious existence even before the chain enters the community, and they are in no condition to meet its superior resources. Under the circumstances they appeal to the only agency to which they can look for relief. Their vote counts as much as any one else's, and they go to the state legislature with their troubles.

The politicians have been warmly sympathetic. A number of governors have made their hostility to chain stores one of their main campaign issues. Within the last two years measures directed against chain stores have been under consideration in more than a score of state legislatures, and nine or ten states have already taken action. Most of this legislation takes the form either of a sales tax or of a license charge, devised so as to fall heavily on the chains and to bear lightly or not at all upon the independents.

TWO YEARS ago North Carolina and South Carolina imposed taxes of $50 and $100 respectively on each branch store in excess of five conducted under the same ownership. The tax in North Carolina was declared void by the state courts, as being an arbitrary discrimination and inconsistent with the constitutional provisions for equality in taxation. The state has sought to meet this objection by imposing a tax of $50 on each unit of a chain, thus avoiding the arbitrary exemption of the first five units. The state supreme court has upheld the new method, but an appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground that the tax violates the Fourteenth Amendment.

Indiana has attempted to impose a special sales tax under a classification of stores which would reach the chains but skip the independents, but early this year this law was nullified by a federal court. Kentucky, which had adopted a similar statute, promptly revised it so as to impose a general sales tax with progressive rates. Stores with sales of less than $400,000 a year are taxed one-twentieth of one per cent, while those with sales of $1,000,000 or more pay one per cent, or twenty times as much. Georgia seeks to attain the same end with a sales tax at a uniform rate, but exempts all establishments with annual sales of less than $30,000 and permits but one exemption for a chain system.

The nearest approach to a federal restriction yet proposed is the Capper-Kelly bill, which has been before Congress for several years. This measure legalizes contracts for the maintenance of prices set by the manufacturer on articles bearing a registered trade mark. It has the support of independent retailers, who say that it will protect them from price-cutting.

Meantime, the chain-store executives are not unmindful of the storm which threatens. At its recent convention in Chicago the National Chain Store Association raised a defense fund of $50,000 to combat discriminatory legislation, another fund of $40,000 to promote public relations work, and another of $25,000 to combat anti-chain propaganda.

The plans for public relations work are worthy of special note. The chains will seek to meet the charge of absentee ownership and indifference to the interests of the communities where they operate by encouraging their employees to take part in all sorts of community activities. One chain already requires each of its local managers to join the chamber of commerce in his town. It seems, then, that while methods of merchandising may be changing, the agencies which are bringing about these changes are themselves likewise in a process of change.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

A Group of Novels

OF THE novels read this week four are translations. *Success* by Lion Feuchtwanger (translated by W. & E. Muir: Viking Press $3) is a book of eight hundred pages. Although it is a story of the decade just passed, it is an historical novel, written as it might be written fifty or a hundred years from now, by a man interested not in the picturesque but in the spiritual atmosphere of a by-gone age. The age is the one in which "Success" is the world's watchword, and Feuchtwanger's novel is a dispassionate presentation of it through the medium of scores of separate stories grouped about a central event and character. The story centers about the trial, unjust imprisonment and death in prison of Martin Krüger, one of the directors of the National Galleries in Munich, and a sort of scape-goat upon which are vented the envy, brutality and petty meanness of a whole cityful of people. The novel develops, also, the process whereby a man's story takes on the quality of a moral legend. The complications and ramifications are too numerous to be described here. The whole of post-war Munich, outwardly cosmopolitan, actually provincial, a type city of the period, is presented. And through the stories of judges, lawyers, witnesses, spectators of the trial, type characters, the soul of the era is laid bare. It is an ugly soul; and painfully easy to recognize. As in Feuchtwanger's earlier novels, details play, in *Success,* an enlightening and insistent part; and the picture, down to its darkest corner, is startlingly vivid. So the book is a satire and a morality play and a picture. Masterly in style and really huge in conception, it is probably too weighty to capture the imagination of readers as *Power* and *The Ugly Duchess* do; but it cannot but add a brighter, and perhaps a more enduring lustre to Feuchtwanger's name.

THIS reviewer cannot feel the same to be true of Knut Hamsun's *Vagabonds* (translated by Eugene Gay-Tifft: Coward, McCann $3), another fat book, which should be read piece-meal. The separate incidents are stories in themselves, held together by the characters of the two vagabonds, Edivart, a brave, honest, quickly aroused youth, and August, a genial scamp. These two wander up and down the coast of Norway into every sort of peasant community, working, playing, fighting, cheating, loving. Living characters such as Hamsun knows how to create, varied incident, rough humor, turbulent emotion and a rich background make the novel a sort of peasant pageant, refreshing and picturesque.

JEB STUART
From the military biography of the great cavalry leader of the Confederacy by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner's)

ARNOLD ZWEIG, author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa,* offers to American readers as an example of his versatility his *Claudia* (translated by Eric Sutton: Viking Press $2.50), a group of atmospheric character stories centering about a brilliant German woman and her professor husband. The stories are marked by brilliant and sympathetic character analysis and by delicate imagination and are told in a finished, fluent style. They are especially interesting as showing the wide range of Zweig's interest and his talent as a dramatist of subtle emotions.

"BURNT OFFERING" by Jeanne Galzy (translated by Jacques LeClercq: Brentano's $2.50) is the winner of the Prix Brentano for 1930. This novel has a theme of universal applicability, that of the frustrated mother-love of school teachers. In a little town in Picardy, Marie Pascal is teacher in a convent school. Her love of children which so fills her life that when one school-day is over she can only wait for the next to begin, reaches its climax in her adoration of Annette, a little girl not too happy at home whom Marie alone can nurse through a desperate illness. This frustrated love, like all others, demands its sacrifice. Marie Pascal must give it up and go to another school to save the child from the effects of the mother's jealousy. The quiet style, deftly presented child-characters and background of French village life contribute to the charm of a story as simple and touching as a lullaby.

THE translations read, we turn to three novels written in English and by women. *Staying With Relations* by Rose Macaulay (Liveright $2.50) is a delicious book which no one should miss who enjoys the sting of wit and the exquisite, sharp delight of a prose style perfectly controlled. The story has to do with the surprising adventures of Miss Catherine Grey, an English novelist of character, who is diverted from an American lecture tour to go and stay with relations in a villa in the Guatemala jungle. Personally, we do not think that the novel has a theme, but Miss Macaulay, on the jacket of the book, says that

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the theme is—"any one may do almost anything at any time and students of character are usually wrong." What could be more amusing than this book? A group of rococo moderns are living in a rococo villa built upon Mayan foundations which have already served as the substructure of a sixteenth century monastery. Around them is the dank, terrifying jungle, peopled by wild creatures and natives that grade from Hidalgo gone stale to red-Indian. The moderns love and lie and have hysterics and conduct themselves with perfect poise and quote from the more obscure classics and converse in Wardour Street English and American slang. The natives eat and sleep and steal. And Miss Macaulay contrasts high-bred and half-breed with chilly and convulsing irony; philosophizes upon the curious ways of men; and describes the scenery in carefully controlled rhetoric. The book should, however, have been kept as a long short story. Miss Grey and her relatives should never have been allowed to leave Guatemala. In her effort to bring to a decent finish what should have been allowed to trail off into a long gurgle of delight, Rose Macaulay contrives an anti-climax. Perhaps she meant to. This reviewer would not put it past her.

"PHILLIPA" by Anne Dougles Sedgwick (Houghton, Mifflin $2.50) is entirely typical of this novelist's finished stories of character and incident. The heroine is seen first as a child, the agonized spectator of the separation and divorce between the father, whom she adores, and the mother, whom she pities. Through the years when she vacillates between the objects of these two emotions, carried into the scenes which such a plot implies, Phillipa holds her head high and does what seems to her right. She emerges onto the panorama of her own adult life, presumably well prepared to make it good. The author presents Phillipa as her conception of the modern girl, superficially hard, inwardly tender, clear-eyed, passionate, humorous, loyal. This has become the accepted conception. One wonders if it is correct. The characters of the father and mother and the father's second wife as well as the secondary characters required by the plot are admirably drawn. The novel is highly readable, written by a hand whose experience shows in every line, and in a style which is always tutored, elegant and vivid.

MARTHA OSTENSO, author of *Waters Under the Earth* (Dodd, Mead $2.50) is interested in problems, and here presents one of her typical serious, careful studies of a middle-class family. Here the father is a cruel and crushing god, his mouth full of pious speech. One by one his children try to break away from him, one by one they return, rebels impotent from birth, closing their wounds with the salve of hypocrisy which their father provides, sneaking off to cheap sins on the sly, grouping in public around the father, who exhibits them as the happy products of his loving kindness. Only the youngest girl escapes to marriage with a radical writer. Miss Ostenso is surer of the goodness of her fortune than most readers will be. This competent novel is another version of the outcome of the curse of mealy-mouthed hypocrisy, said to have been put upon us by the Puritans. It is also another ladleful of the wholesome if not so tasty stew which scores of American novelists dish out to us every year.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

MAJOR F. YEATS-BROWN chooses an apt title for his *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (Viking Press $2.50). His adventures and experiences are not only those of a cavalry officer in India, but of a hunter, a polo-player, an air observer in Mesopotamia during the Great War, and a prisoner in Turkish hands, not to speak of his inner life as a wistful student of Hindu mysticism, a would-be Yogi, and a pursuer of the nature of the Unconscious. Always he writes with animation and gusto. Thus, his account of his air service under General Townshend is novel and stimulating because he saw and describes whole battles that rolled their tides back and forth in panorama beneath his unmolested plane. The accounts of polo-bouts and pig-sticking, the glimpses of Indian life and character—all are animated, touch-and-go bits of dramatic writing. They make the book a brilliant performance, one that keeps the reader in his seat, alert, surprised and entertained. Major Yeats-Brown is not much given to making improving remarks or drawing general conclusions as to India's problems; but one at least is worth quoting. He says, "We Europeans are always giving something to somebody. Christianity, for instance. The education. Now we give our ideas of democracy. All this is alien to the Hindu mind. . . . These differences go deep down. We can budge them with our brains, but hardly with our hearts. The best we can do, on either side, is to avoid arrogance."

R. D. T.

Pauline, Favorite Sister of Napoleon by W. N. C. Carlton (Harper $3.50) finds itself soon after publication on the most discussed books list. This is probably because the jacket advertisement leads the reader to believe that the book is "spicy." That is hardly borne out by the contents. You must excite very easily if you are excited by this competently written story of the adventures and amours of a long-dead lady. Wicked, she could scarcely be called. Her love affairs seem to have done no great harm to any one. Her devotion to her brother was splendidly human; and there is no proof that she played Augusta to his Byron. Her character is far less fascinating than that of her great brother. There is no hint that her face launched a single ship or burned a single tower. She seems to have been a beautiful woman, moderately intelligent, and a typical example of Bonaparte clannishness. Her portrait as a young girl bears a remarkable resemblance to those of her brother as a youth, showing the same morose, brooding, passionate qualities. But she grew up rather lacking in real emotional intensity. Everything she had, some one gave her. All she herself created was her image of her brother as a god to which she gave a passionate devotion. She lived in Haiti and in Paris and in Italy, and everywhere men admired her and women were jealous of her. The jacket of the biography says that she "led the life of every woman's dreams." So? Yet, her foot, which was so lovely that it looked as though it had never been shod, left no print upon the sands of time. She lives in a few portraits and in an extremely bad statue by Canova. Personally, if we were dreaming, we'd dream we were Queen Elizabeth or Jane Austen.

F. L. R.

Among the books received too late for a detailed review we find *Frederick the Great* by Victor Thaddeus (Brentano $5), a very carefully studied biography, and an interesting example of the inability of content alone to carry a book up to a point where it becomes noteworthy. The material in this biography could scarcely be more complete, or more judiciously used for the purposes of popular biography. The style, in this reviewer's opinion, could not be much worse.

Albert Einstein by Anton Reiser (A.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Detective: **The Murder at the Vicarage**, Agatha Christie: Dodd, Mead.
Novel: **Staying With Relations**, by Rose Macaulay: Liveright.
Biography: **Voltaire**, by George Brandes: A. & C. Boni.
Miscellaneous: **Novels & Novelists**, by Katherina Mansfield: Knopf.

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& C. Boni) is just what it claims to be—a biographical portrait; but not a portrait by a painter who sees or purports to see the hidden soul of the sitter. Straightforward, useful to future and more pretentious biographers of the scientist, written in simple, somewhat didactic style.

The Meaning of Art (Norton $3) is A. Philip McMahon's analysis of the æsthetics of art and its creation, an analysis which does not satisfy itself with a mere definition of art but probes into the mysterious way that art has of enriching life.

Behind the Blurbs

THE files of the Police Gazette have been ransacked for your amusement and edification in *The Sins of New York, as "Exposed" by the Police Gazette*[1], by Edward Van Every. Started in 1845, in an effort to assist the police department by giving criminals an undesired publicity, it later became the sensational journal of sport, crime and the stage known to the barber shops of our youth. Here are reports of sporting events, rich and bloody true tales of ferocious crimes, and accounts of wicked night life in the gaslight era, highly moral in tone but complete to the last printable detail, and written in the florid old-fashioned style, which is funnier than any parody could possibly be. And the pictures—nearly 200 of them—reproduced captions and all from the old woodcuts, are a delight. Keep this in mind as a grand Christmas present for any one over forty. ☙ ☙ ☙ Another capable resurrection is Herbert Asbury's *Ye Olde Fire Laddies*[2], the story of New York's volunteer fire companies, who before the days of the official fire department ran with the engines, and frequently spent more time fighting rival companies and other gangs than in putting out the fire. Written in a lively, diverting style and with plenty of picturesque incident. ☙ ☙ ☙ A large tome of some 500 pp. is *The Adventure of Science*[3], showing the progress of science in 16 chapters, beginning with Pythagoras and ending with Einstein and Planck, and paying due attention to the careers as well as the discoveries of the various scientists. A very readable popularization. ☙ ☙ ☙ One of the funniest books we have seen in a long time is Milt Gross's *He Done Her Wrong*[4], subtitled "the Great American Novel, and not a word in it—no music, too." It is a story told entirely in pictures, a bur-

(Please Turn to Page 391)

1. Stokes. $5.00.
2. Knopf. $3.50.
3. By Benjamin Ginzburg: Simon & Schuster, $5.00.
4. Doubleday Doran. $2.00.

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▶▶ Revolution ◀◀

As Seen in Recent Books

Washington, D. C.

OURS *is a revolutionary era.* Since the outbreak of the Chinese Revolution in 1911, the political world has been agitated with the threat and with the still more embarrassing fact of the subversion of the status quo by insurrectionary action. It is a condition which colors our entire political outlook and which lends edge to our political reactions. The world has passed through one such previous era, that embraced in the period from the outbreak of the American Revolution to the crescendo of 1848.

If there is any truth in historical parallels, and there is little, 1930 bears the same relation to the present revolutionary era that 1830 did to its predecessor. One great revolution is temporarily stabilized; elsewhere revolutionary forces are seeking expression rather than achieving results. The great revolution of our day is the Russian, of course. That it has become stabilized is the inference to be drawn from Louis Fischer's remarkable two-volume account of *The Soviets in World Affairs* (Cape & Smith $10). With a great historical apparatus and the advantage of wide and sympathetic contacts with the Russian leaders, Mr. Fischer has told the complete story of the international political aspects of the Bolshevik revolution. It is a tremendous achievement. The chief errors are not errors of fact but of interpretation and of emphasis. The chief value is that here is a complete, well-rounded and well-written account of a world-event. No student of public affairs can afford to ignore it; many will find points of disagreement or of criticism; the way of the contemporary historian of the greatest modern controversy is thorny. Yet few will quarrel with Mr. Fischer's thoughtful conclusion:

> The temporary eclipse of Russia as a dominant factor in international affairs, however, must not create an impression of Soviet insignificance. . . . The Bolsheviks are a powerful race with a will to build and succeed and re-mould. They are determined to modernize Russia, fortify her economically, and make her industrially outstanding. Such a nation cannot be ignored in world councils. Moscow, in fact, is not ignored. Indeed, it gets more attention than the Russians relish.

On the other hand, many will qualify with pointed inquiries about Communist propaganda, Mr. Fischer's assertion that Soviet diplomacy has no teeth. Moscow disposes of very few means of putting pressure on foreign countries in an international issue. The Russians are too intent on their internal problems and too dependent on peace to be able to threaten military aggression or actually to undertake it. Everybody knows that Moscow will avoid war at all costs, and that Moscow has few friends in Europe.

Nevertheless, Maxim Litvinov's quoted statement that "between 1918 and 1921, we (the Bolsheviki) made no less than twenty peace proposals to different Powers," is susceptible of proof. Mr. Fischer's merit as a friendly historian of the Russian revolution is that he does not feel impelled to act as an apologist. He has, for instance, the candor to accuse the Bolsheviki of unwarrantable aggression in the Polish War of 1920 and is inclined to emphasize their complete failure to appreciate the psychology of other nations.

In this connection, Bernard Edelhertz's little brochure, *The Russian Paradox* (Walton $2), makes the suggestion that they are also failing to appreciate Russian psychology. While giving the Soviet leaders full credit for good intentions and generous ideals, he underscores the inapplicability of their principles to Russian psychology as he recently observed it in an extensive trip through Russia.

The most significant parallel to the Russian Revolution is that of the Chinese. T'ang Leang-Li's *Inner History of the Chinese Revolution* (Dutton $5), affords a documentary insight into the debates and secret decisions of the Political Council of the Kuo-Min Tang. If read in connection with Mr. Fischer's account of the mission of Borodin and of General Galen to Canton and of Soviet policy towards the Chinese Nationalists, it supplies a valuable insight into an important episode in Asiatic politics. Too many of us, however, are supremely indifferent to the fortunes of Chang, Chiang and Feng for this book to exert its proper influence on public opinion. Its author now represents the Central Executive Committee of the Kuo-Min Tang in Great Britain. His book is authoritative.

Closer to the American heart is the Indian Revolution. Gandhi has hit the rotogravures and—thanks to Kipling—we have all heard of Calcutta, the Punjab and the Khyber Pass. Without having any fixed convictions on the subject, we have a loose sort of notion that somehow Great Britain ought to give them their freedom. Two recent books have appeared to show why this freedom should be given in homeopathic doses. The obstacles to Indian freedom are not British but Indian. As Edward Thompson's *Reconstructing India* (Lincoln MacVeagh $4)—an excellent and expert book addressed to the American public by an Englishman who has worked for many years in India—makes it abundantly plain, these obstacles are the seven hundred native princes who rule a quarter of the people and 40 per cent of the area of India; the fact that the Punjab, the United Provinces and Nepal supply the men for three-fourths of the Indian Army and might feel disinclined to assume three-fourths of the burden of defending an independent India; and the fact that the Indian community is divided between Moslems and Hindus, who, even with the British preserving order, are constantly fighting each other, while the Hindus are split hopelessly by the caste system. Add to that lack of a tradition of political self-help, of a common language and a common race, and the moral problem of giving India her freedom becomes somewhat similar to that involved in giving baby a loaded gun to play with.

That the British are prepared to go as far as is possible in the light of responsibility to mankind—and despite England's many selfish interests in India, the British have served humanity well in giving order and security to the 300,000,000 Indians—is evidenced by the Simon Report, which should be read by every one who pretends to speak informedly on the subject of Indian nationalism. In default of the Report Coward-McCann have published a booklet, *India and the Simon Report,* by Sir John Simon, "A Talk" which contains, among other things, a really profound observation: "You cannot put a slogan into an Act of Parliament."

The chief defect of modern revolutionary activity is in its reliance on slogans, not only to motivate action (which is a legitimate political tactic), but as a substitute for a program. Russia, China and India have all suffered from an overdose of slogans and are, actually, politically under-nourished. It is for this reason that the latest reports from China read astonishingly like those from the Taiping Rebellion of 1865, that Russia under the Bolsheviki sounds rather like France under Robespierre, and that Indian proposals for self-government sound like the Ottoman promises of Macedonian "reforms" in the pre-war days.

JOHN CARTER.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed September 10.

Cakes and Ale, by Somerset Maugham: Doubleday, Doran. To be reviewed next week.

On Forsyte 'Change, by John Galsworthy: Scribner's. A group of new stories about the Forsytes. Reviewed October 29.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt, Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Letters of Henry Adams, by Worthington C. Ford: Houghton Mifflin. Letters which do not explain Adams but offer further evidence of the charm of the man, of his exuberance and his love of beauty. Reviewed October 15.

The Conquest of Happiness, by Bertrand Russell: Liveright. To be reviewed later by Florence Guy Seabury.

Jeb Stuart, by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.: Scribner's. To be reviewed next week.

Marks of an Educated Man, by Albert Edward Wiggam: Bobbs, Merrill. To be reviewed next week.

▸▸*In This Issue*◂◂

ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS is a former member of the staff of the New York *Sun* and the New York *Herald-Tribune* and has also served as political correspondent in Washington. Mr. McManus is contributing a series of portraits of leading political figures to the Outlook, the latest of which was "Unhappy Warrior."

H. M. FOSTER is a member of the editorial staff of *The Journal of Commerce,* and was formerly Secretary and General Manager of the New York Wholesale Grocers' Association, and Secretary to the New York Commissioner of Health during Mayor Mitchell's administration.

GOLDA M. GOLDMAN, who in private life is Madame Gaston Antignac, is a resident of Paris, and a frequent contributor to American and European periodicals.

▸▸*Next Week*◂◂

Jobs for Jobless, by Louis Stark.

Millions are out of work. Factories are idle, whole industries shut down. The author tells not of the misery of the bread lines but of the steps already taken with hopes of preventing recurrence of this national calamity.

Our Great American Slanguage, by Barbara Brown.

The author, who belongs to the middle generation, discusses and is amazed at her own first-hand knowledge of American slang, the recent wide spread of which she attributes to the movies and radio.

The Curse of White Collar Babies, by Darwin L. Teilhet.

The wrong kind of people are having too many children, the author declares, and birth control is not entirely to blame. Modern medical care is so expensive, Mr. Teilhet claims, that only the unintelligent are unwilling to limit the size of their families.

The Battle of Propaganda, by Charles Merz.

In Part VII of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz discusses the claims and counter-claims put forward, after six years' trial, by the friends and opponents of prohibition. In spite of the wealth of figures dealing with arrests for drunkenness, deaths from alcoholism, and commitments to jail, adduced by both wets and drys, Mr. Merz concludes that the statistics can be construed to support either side.

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 389)

lesque of the wildest and richest kind. There's the pure and lovely singer in a dance hall in the Far North, her noble and powerful backwoodsman lover, and the wicked city feller; and if you do not become practically apoplectic with excitement and suspense as your eye leaps from picture to amazing picture—well, there's no hope for you. ☙ ☙ ☙ A new translation of *The Memoirs of Marmontel*[5] has been pub. in the series of Bourbon Classics, and includes also Sainte-Beuve's essay. This series of handsome volumes of translations from the French is well worth your attention. ☙ ☙ ☙ Conan Doyle's last book, *The Edge of the Unknown*[6], is a series of articles on different phases of spiritualism. Perhaps the most interesting is the chapter on Houdini, whom the author knew and whose career he followed closely. There are accounts of famous mediums, and of phenomena which Sir Arthur observed. Unfortunately his eagerness to believe weakens the proofs he offers. There are certain scientific explanations of various phenomena which he ignores. A greater knowledge of abnormal psychology and an understanding that good faith is not always proof of absence of trickery, would have made him a more reliable observer. ☙ ☙ ☙ Another adventure story of India from the hand of Talbot Mundy is *Black Light*[7], in which Joe Beddington and his wealthy and selfish mother go to India to try to find the daughter of an old school friend of Mrs. B's who was taken away by her Indian nurse when her parents died of cholera. Joe locates the girl in a temple, but there's a Maharajah after her, and it is only with the aid of the occult rites of a mysterious yogi that justice is finally done. It's a good tale of the semi-occult, semi-action kind, although it is rather too long, and the author has an irritating habit of repeating himself. "He was built that way —so constituted," he says of Joe. In other words, he was like that. That is to say he was thus. ☙ ☙ ☙ The beautiful Luna, who was in the witchcraft business, and ran a small colony that practiced rites forbidden by holy church, was found (in *The Case of the Missing Sandals*[8]) not only shot but stabbed by some unknown left-handed person. On her bosom was a bundle of letters from one of her many lovers, Earl Vincent, who had disappeared the same night. Earl was a southpaw, and when found had a very limp alibi. But Peter Piper of the *Herald* thought him innocent, set out to prove it, and in the course of his investigations turned up several other left-handed gents with both motive and opportunity for murder. Half as many suspects would have made a shorter and snappier tale, but at that it's good, sound Grade B stuff. ☙ ☙ ☙ A new edition of *In Our Time*[9], Ernest Hemingway's early short stories, has just been brought out, with introduction by Edmund Wilson. First published in 1925, these tales and short sketches brought their author his reputation. ☙ ☙ ☙ Dean Gauss of Princeton has written an extremely wise, entertaining and unacademic book on *Life in College*[10], which can be read with profit by both parents and undergraduates. It contains valuable hints for both. "I have not," says the author, "discussed the American university as a stimulating intellectual fellowship or an ideal educational institution . . . . (The book) is addressed to the ordinary reader, parent or undergraduate, who is curious about what actually goes on in the colleges, and it tries to confine itself to those human relationships and adjustments which every young man must make in the period of his apprenticeship to life."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

5. MacVeagh, $4.00.
6. Putnam, $2.50.
7. Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.
8. By Nancy Barr Mavity: Crime Club, $1.00.
9. Scribner's, $2.50.
10. Scribner's, $2.50.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

EVERY so often—or rather, ever so seldom—along comes an evening in the theatre which makes one feel that there is, after all, a reason for going on with playwriting, acting, play production, and even dramatic criticism. Yes, even critics can at least exercise the function of helping to spread the news that a play like *This One Man* has arrived and that we still do not have to abandon the theatre entirely and leave the field of "entertainment" cravenly in the hands of radio, the movies and Albie Booth.

This One Man is an exciting and courageous first play written by Sidney Robert Buchman. If the public should be so undiscriminating as not to support his first effort in the way it deserves, I sincerely hope Mr. Buchman will not be discouraged. The one reason why public support may be lacking is that the author has dared to write a play which is superficially one thing and profoundly another. Against the background of a pat gangster melodrama he has put a thrilling drama of character and mental and emotional conflict. Carried away by the latter I was—naïvely, perhaps—shocked to hear self-appointed wits in the audience after the second act going up to each other saying things like, "Now, where were *you* on the night of July twenty-third?"

Paul Muni, lately released from Hollywood, does superb work as Saul Holland, a tough gangster, the idol of his cringing, sensitive brother, Marvin, who is straight only because he lacks the nerve to indulge in the other's safe-cracking and stick-up activities. As portrayed by Paul Guilfoyle the weakling is intensely interesting. The gangster also has a wife called Molly, who loves him but is terrified of him. In his idolatry of Saul, Marvin reveals a sensitiveness, a sympathy, and an intelligence which Saul lacks and which cause Molly to entertain rather more than the usual amount of affection for him that is his due as a brother-in-law. But Saul is not too stupid to see what is going on. However, Marvin being apparently the weakling that he is, there is nothing that Saul feels he can do about it, and Marvin's weakness and sensitivity become actually a great strength. Finally an opportunity arises for Marvin to take the blame and the consequences for a shooting which Saul committed. This shows Saul that his growing jealousy was justified only towards the qualities his brother had which he himself lacked. He does all he can to convince the authorities that Marvin is innocent, but to no avail. Marvin is executed, but we are left with the somewhat metaphysical idea that at the moment of his death Saul was released from his fear of him and that he actually took to himself some of the qualities of his brother and became *This One Man*. In this there is none of the hackneyed middle-class morality of such gangster epics as *Crime* or *The Up and Up*. Instead we are given searching glimpses of the souls of people to whom law is only a meaningless word but who nevertheless are as susceptible as the rest of us to the far deeper laws of emotion that govern the conduct of all human beings.

Paul Muni, Paul Guilfoyle and Constance McKay were fully as courageous as the author, for—in this day of refined or naturalistic "acting"—they were not afraid to play *This One Man* for all it was worth, by which, as you may have gathered from the frenzied and incoherent paragraphs above, I mean plenty. Along with them and the rest of an excellent cast should be cited Leo Bulgakov, the director, and Woodman Thompson, who was responsible for seeing to it that the settings and the lighting were exactly in the spirit of Mr. Buchman's play.

Recommended Current Shows

Bad Girl: Sensitive and intelligent dramatization of the best seller.
Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook in inspired madness set to music.
Flying High: Last season's best musical held over.
Girl Crazy: The best Gershwin score in years energetically rendered by people who know how.
Ladies All: Funny enough in a suggestive way.
Lysistrata: That rowdy Greek farce.
Mrs. Moonlight: Excellent performance of a charming English comedy.
Once in a Lifetime: Glorious fun at the expense of the movie industry.
Strictly Dishonorable: Last year's comedy hit holding its own against the new ones.
That's Gratitude: Frank Craven has written himself his best show since *The First Year*.
The Green Pastures: Marc Connelly's revelation of the Negro religious imagination.
Up Pops the Devil: Disarming and often very funny play about Greenwich Village.

EARLIER in the week I had to go to see something called *Pagan Lady*, in which Miss Lenore Ulric is the star. I suppose it could have been worse if Miss Ulric had been made to talk Broadway broken English to simulate a French girl or a South Sea Islander (they use the same accent for both in most Times Square shows). That has happened in the past and I am duly grateful that we are spared the phony phonetics this time. Otherwise the play is simply a very clumsy rewriting of innumerable other shows in which the wicked girl without morals gets her pure young man with the aid of the heat, the tropical moon, and a homily on the close connection between sex and religion (of all things!). This time there are also some of the falsest and crudest lines you will hear in many a year even if you are not paid to go to the theatre practically every night and haven't the benefit of my fervent advice to stay away from such things as *Pagan Lady*. Miss Ulric is still provocative if you particularly like the type.

FREDERICK LONSDALE is a most ingenious fellow. He can limit himself to one set and four characters, thereby, presumably, selling his play to managers who count the cost but do not read beyond the *dramatis personæ*. He can also contrive, as in the case of *Canaries Sometimes Sing*, to make his English drawing-room comedy scintillate for at least two acts. It has some very bright lines and the situations into which the few characters are placed are, if farcical rather than comic, audaciously amusing. His structure does fall in rather a heap in the third act, but it would be only a genius who could make the permutations and commutations of the situation wherein two old friends are tired of their wives and their wives of them, thus necessitating a shuffling and redealing, last for three full acts. My companion remarked that the third act didn't sound like an act at all but like a couple of clever fellows sitting down and discussing an idea they had for a play. In fairness to Mr. Lonsdale, the author of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* and *Spring Cleaning*, it must be said that Robert Lorraine had not troubled to learn his lines and the admirably clear voice of the prompter could often be heard—to which Mr. Lorraine heeded little but obviously made up his own speeches. He *has* gotten over thinking he is a matinee idol, though, and Yvonne Arnaud and Athole Stewart are all any playwright or audience could desire in their rôles.

Blackbirds of 1930 is another negro revue, so-called because the performers are negro. In this case the composer of most of the tunes is a negro, too, but in the style of music which he has chosen to imitate, the Hibernian Jimmy McHugh, who wrote the first *Blackbirds*, is immeasurably his superior. And the Hebraic Mr. Leslie, the producer, has again included all the routine triangle blackout sketches and overdressed choral numbers of which I am so thoroughly, completely and everlastingly sick.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"War Nurse"

INCREDIBLY amateurish in every department, Metro's "woman's side of the war," suffers particularly from what must be the most inept dialogue ever spoken into microphones. Supposedly a harrowing story of the bloody horrors endured by the nurses near the front, *War Nurse* now appears on the screen as a meaningless hodge-podge of film in which what few "horrors" there are, lie smothered under an avalanche of cheap, third-rate Broadwayese wisecracks. I suppose they had a lot of dialogue left over from the backstage stories of a couple of years ago. At any rate *War Nurse* is full of such Broadway brilliants as "Baby I think you're swell," "O.K., how about a date tonight," and "so long kid." Coming as they do while shells are falling and men are dying on every side, the results are neither tragic nor funny. In this hospital, by the way, are Anita Page, the beautiful blonde showgirl of the *Broadway Melody*, the comic Zasu Pitts, and last but not least June Walker, a first rate Broadway actress. Poor Miss Walker! She actually winces while speaking her lines. As to Anita Page, this picture should settle once and for all the question of whether or not she is an actress. Decidedly she is not. *War Nurse* is another of Hollywood's old, old attempts to be both tragic and funny at the same time and thereby entertain "everybody." The result, as usual, pleases nobody.

"Murder"

The British movie makers, toward whom we have often been quite rude in the past, have taken hold of the talkie machinery (the R. C. A. Photophone system, too) and learned how to make pictures which are a good many notches better than our own. *Murder*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is a swell mystery story, beautifully acted and executed with a technical care which should make Hollywood blush, if such a thing is possible. Moreover it has pictorial speed and variety and will appeal to an adult mind. *Murder* was made from Clemence Dane's *Enter Sir John*, the scene being a sleepy little English village in which a member of a traveling dramatic company is murdered supposedly by a beautiful young lady (Norah Baring). The British movie directors have actually put some thought on the application of sound to a motion picture, and used it for many things besides the mere recording of dialogue. (NO, there are NO songs.)

"The Big Trail"

With so much magnificent scenery and such hordes of well-trained extras at his command it appears to me outrageous that director Raoul Walsh didn't make a really first rate job of *The Big Trail*. In theme it closely resembles the *Covered Wagon* which James Cruze made in 1923, but in many ways it is sufficiently different and interesting to stand on its own. Cruze's film was silent, of course, and as long as *The Big Trail* confines itself to sounds of oxen, creaking prairie schooners, whooping Indians and lashing rainstorms, everything is fine. The trouble is that while these hardy pioneers crawl over parched deserts, swim rivers and all but perish in the snows of Oregon, they speak the drooling lines of an old-fashioned ham melodrama which is so bad that it just hurts. What price pictorial grandeur and endless lines of sunbonneted pioneer ladies stumbling beside ox-carts when you have a sappy heroine, a trio of heh-heh-hehing villains and a hero who declaims pretty pieces about the noble pioneer spirit, the true meaning of "bravery," etc.? If ever Hollywood had its teeth in stuff which had anything really "epic" about it, this is it . . . . and yet this *isn't* it. After an interminable pilgrimage through cruel hardships they reach the giant redwoods with their great shadows and cathedral-like half-lights. Surely Valkyries riding into Valhalla could ask nothing more magnificent! Yet the "comic relief" running all through *The Big Trail* is the mother-in-law joke with little El Brendel being pursued by a hatchet-faced lady. Oh, well . . . . it seems to happen in the best regulated studios.

Worth Seeing

Abraham Lincoln: Scattered scenes from Lincoln's life admirably portrayed by Walter Huston.
All Quiet on the Western Front: War pictures come and go but Milestone's is still the finest of the lot.
Hell's Angels: Extraordinary air pictures surrounded by a story that is just simply awful.
Outward Bound: Something about life after death—done with commendable dignity by a good cast.
What a Widow! Gloria Swanson swishing about in slinky clothes—not much story.
Young Woodley: A British film which is considerably better than the average Hollywood product.

Another New Film

Maybe It's Love: Slightly different football comedy with Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett and "last year's all-American football team"—which somehow includes James Hall.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

YOU probably know that recently it has been found possible to freeze meat for transportation without losing flavor. It has been found possible by the quick-freezing method to imprison the original flavor without that breaking down of the cells which accompanies ordinary freezing. Since the cells in fruits are more delicate than in meat, quick-freezing fruits has only been done on a small scale, for the use of ice cream manufacturers and confectioners. But we are told that a new firm in Georgia will place on the market very shortly quarter-pound containers of frozen, fresh, tree-ripened Georgia peaches. Nothing, say those who know, can beat a fresh Georgia peach. We are looking forward, can-opener in hand, to the arrival of the first shipment.

WE'D like to call your attention to a new and modernized edition of *Cheating the Junk Pile,* by Ethel R. Peyser (Dutton). This book, first brought out eight years ago, tells you all about the purchase and maintenance of household equipment, from brooms to electric refrigerators. It should be of interest to any housewife.

ANOTHER book, with which you can amuse yourself when the day's work is over, is *Word Hunt.* It's a sort of successor to the crossword puzzle. It gives you the first few letters of a word, repeated several times, together with definitions of from five to a dozen words of the same length and having the same first letters. Then you fill in the remaining letters to fit the definitions. That doesn't seem very clear, but perhaps you get what we mean.

BEHOLD the combination kitchen stool and clothes dryer. All metal, enamelled green or buff, mounted on casters, and in the center, vertically under the top, are a number of rust-proof plated rods which can be pulled upward and dropped at right angles so that they radiate horizontally and give a surprising amount of space for hanging clothes.

PROBABLY by this time you've seen Beetleware—tumblers, cups, saucers and plates—made of stuff that looks something like celluloid. It comes in several colors, and you can not only eat and drink, but also be merry with it, for it won't break—at least it's hard to break it. Fine for picnics, or in the nursery, where bouncible cups are sometimes an advantage.

THERE'S an electric heating unit which can be set in the wall of a room, and which is useful in fall and spring before and after the furnace does the heating. Or for rooms that are hard to heat. The unit has insulated walls and a base that directs the heat out into the room.

ANOTHER electrical device, seen in a toy store, is a $15 guaranteed vacuum sweeper, which is good enough to do light work in a small apartment.

AND a third is an electric chair for mosquitoes. It's a six-sided frame all wound about with fine wire. Inside is an electric bulb. Below is a saucer for the corpses. The theory is that the mosquito sees the light and, coming to find out what all the illumination is about, he bumps into the charged wire and his charred corpse drops into the saucer, whence the maid removes him in the morning. Harmless to humans. Of course it has never seemed to us that the mosquito cared to have any very bright light shed on his activities. Those we have had experience with in lighted rooms usually lurk beneath our chair where they can knife us in the ankle without danger of being seen and swatted. Moths of course are notoriously silly about light, but the mosquito, though smaller, has nimbler wits. We suggest as an improvement a human hand held inside the death-dealing wire, instead of an electric light bulb.

THERE is a brush with rubber bristles—short on one side and long on the other—which is said to be the cat's for cleaning suede shoes and practically any kind of glove except glace kid. You can take off spots by using the brush dry, or give a thorough cleaning by using it with soap.

COULD we interest you in trays of lacquered metal, 12 by 17 inches, in sets of four or eight, accompanied by a set of fringed tray cloths and napkins checked or embroidered to match? There's a wide range of colors: orchid, yellow, red, orange, peach, gold and two shades of green.

We will send more information on any of the items mentioned above, if you desire. Simply write I, A & P, c/o the Outlook, 120 East 16th St., New York City.

Uncle Sam *vs.* the Packers

(Continued from Page 379)

Recently some of the New York newspapers have been predicting that the packers, if released from the consent decree, "will probably manufacture canned goods and other foodstuffs, and will distribute them through their own extensive distributive channels, and in addition will organize their own chain store systems." *Printers' Ink* has said that one organization of meat packers has made preparations to open 500 stores.

Aside from the question whether this publicity is premature, the inference is that the packers' plan for saving the public from the chains is to forge more chains. Absurdity could go no further. It would be funny if it were not serious.

The packers want the public to have the advantages of their "unquestioned efficiency." So do I, but without the disadvantages. And, by the way, if that efficiency has remained unquestioned all these years, it is high time that some one arose in his might to question it. The stockyards would be less a fire hazard and more sanitary if they were built of concrete instead of wood. The plants take up too much space superficially, and not enough vertically. A wag, at a recent convention of a trade association, said, "Even the super-efficient packers have been able to improve upon perfection. Their former proud slogan boasted that they could utilize everything of the hog but the squeal. They finally succeeded in eliminating that one element of waste and have put the squeal to work on the consent decree."

The packers are not fiends incarnate, whatever they may have been in past generations, or however cartoonists may have depicted them. They have no hoofs in their shoes or horns in their hats, however they may be imagined by their opponents. I have met many of the officers of the packing companies from Edson White, president of Armour & Co., down. I have spent many days tramping the stockyards in the charming winter climate of Chicago and the equally alluring perfumery of the slaughtering pens; but somehow whenever I meet a packer I am always reminded of what William B. Colver told me. He was chairman of the Federal Trade Commission when the commission's report of its investigation of the meat packing business was submitted to President Wilson. I was on the train with Mr. Colver, returning from Chicago, where he had made his first public speech on the subject. All his account of the investigation is not fit for publication, but he told me President Wilson said, "I fear to have

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such power in the hands of so few men, even if they were angels, and I have not the slightest notion that Mr. Armour and his associates are angels."

Paris Is Not America

(Continued from Page 373)

America. Our French antagonists, however, will tell us that all the help must now speak English, that letters are coldly typewritten instead of being charmingly and unintelligibly indited by hand as of old.

One of the loudest outcrys, much exaggerated, I think, is directed against the supposition that today clothes, jewels, and other accessories of the Parisian toilet are designed to appeal to American rather than to French taste, thereby forcing the French to take what America likes, or go without. Some of this is indisputable. The French woman has adopted American sport wear, but she has softened it and endowed it with her own charming personality. Her husband has taken a vivid fancy to flannels and "pull-overs," the English word always being used, but he still thinks that only lunatics—or Americans and Englishmen—wear such things as knickers.

In education Paris has not become Americanized. The French girl of the better families still does not prepare herself for a career, other than a social one, save in exceptional cases. The number of girls attending the universities has enormously increased, and women are to be found in every line of work including a plentiful supply of doctors and lawyers, as well as the usual teachers, and members of the aristocracy are to be found running shops as they are in England, but the proportion is not important. For the boys of good family the rule is still *lycée* and university.

You will have observed that I have frequently said that "they always use the English word." This infiltration of our vocabulary into the French language is one of the things about which the protestors most strongly protest. Many words have thrust themselves into the French tongue, all attractively pronounced in a French manner so as to be often unrecognizable to the American or Englishman, but their intrusion is a sore point. Whisky, cocktails, grapefruit, bacon; pull-over, sweater, knickers, smoking (used for a tuxedo); stop, klaxon, loud-speaker, talkie; O.K., all right, darling, miss; match, tennis, golf, champion.

"*Bridgez*-vous?" asks the polite hostess. "Voulez-vous un *cocktail?*" "Oui, merci, *darling,*" replies the young

(Please Turn to Page 396)

▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

▶▶*The Train*

INDOORS were little pieces of floor for one to walk on, silent pieces of furniture that never budged from the walls, and a ceiling that hung over one like the lid of a box.

But out of doors, ran the railroad tracks!

Now that he was five he could reach the knob of the front door, turn it and hold it while he slid around, letting go of it behind him like a feather.

Once outside there was nothing above his head but the sun, moving busily all day from one corner of the sky to another. And as for himself, he could run in any direction he liked and never reach the end of it; not that he wished to. For he turned his back on every direction but one.

He set out for the railroad tracks. Down the street, whisk around the corner, scurry into a vacant lot and squirm under a fence. There was no more to it but a rough stretch of country rising to a hill and sinking with a sigh again. The grass through which he plunged was coarse and bristled with dry, hollow stalks that stuck into his feet and scratched his legs. When he fell down, the field pricked him like pins. But that only excited him. It made his face grow hot and his teeth bite together, while his throat swelled with bravery. It made him know that he was going somewhere.

When he reached it, the grass slid down a bank and stopped. It dared not go any closer. It dared not march up to the bed of stones, climb breathlessly upon the edge of plank that ran across, and lay a throbbing hand upon the cold, smooth steel. But he dared.

SO THERE he sat, and looked about him while his breath grew easier, and looked behind him at the grass. And over his left shoulder at the curving track, and finally straight ahead. There they ran, the one beneath his hand, and the one opposite. Silently and shiningly and faster than his eye could see; drawing closer to each other in the distance, closer—out of sight, in a single line.

For awhile he sat and stared. There was no end to it; he knew that because of the trains. Just to remember the trains made him draw a surprised breath that shook him with delight. The size and thunder and speed with which they pounded and tore past him in the sunlight! The softness and brightness—like a stream of trembling stars—as they fled through the darkness! (And himself left behind at the small window in the still room.) The trains ran one way or another, but certainly there was no end to the tracks, or they would run off and never come back.

He stood up, now that he had rested his breath, and stepped carefully over the gleaming rail he had been holding to. He knew what he had come here for. He had come to follow a train; to find out how it ran along the track; to run himself—no, his legs would not stretch from one track to another—until he could catch up with a train or meet one coming back. For in all his five years he had never been close enough to look into its face, to watch its legs, to find out what its great black body felt like to his hand. This time he would catch one.

Since he could not stretch his feet wide enough to slide upon the rails, he jumped with them from one plank to another. (But still he saw no train.) When jumping seemed too slow he started running, and now he panted, breathing hard, and imagined himself to be a train. This was what they felt like, then, rushing over stones and wood and steel! He waved his arms and closed his eyes and cried out with the voice of a train—and stumbled.

WELL, he thought, this was a good place now to rest a minute. He sat quietly in the middle of the track and wondered where the trains had gone. And frowned, and scooped up stones.

There was a curious tremble somewhere in the ground, a tingle somewhere. He raised his eyes and looked in front of him. But still there was no train. He listened, for he seemed to hear something, a sound far off—a gathering wind.

He turned his head quickly. It was a train. A train that came upon him like a huge embrace, that tore to meet him like a bullet. That covered him with a shouting darkness; a magnificence of noise and sparks, blackness and wonder.

And having shown him everything that he had dreamed of, the mighty train relinquished him, slowed down into the distance and stopped.

The child sat up and waited for the men in uniform that dropped from the train, that were running towards him shouting, "Alive? Alive!"

He struggled with his excited heart for words to tell the miracle.

"I saw!" he cried out joyfully. "I saw the wheels go round!"

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Two Modern Pieces

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

AT THE third concert of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Kleiber brought out two examples of the modern school of composition; both of them new to New York ears. The program began with the overture to Paul Hindemith's opera, *Neues von Tage* (News of the Day), immediately followed by three "fragments" from another opera, *Wozzeck*, by Alban Berg, the most prominent of the Schönberg pupils. The playing of these two numbers in this sequence was extremely interesting and probably intentional, since it served to throw into high relief the vast difference between the artistic ideals of the two composers.

First, we have Hindemith, the doctrinaire, who gives us a piece laboriously constructed on the atonal system to which he is so devoted. While the themes of this work are not without a certain definiteness, they possess but little intrinsic interest; the whole overture, in fact, smells of the workshop. There is in evidence a grim and awful determination to be funny; but, unfortunately, it is all mechanical fun, with the machinery sadly in need of oil—the music sounds sterile, desiccated and pedantic. The plot of the opera, as outlined in Lawrence Gilman's program notes, appears to be akin to that of most stereotyped French farces of the poorer grade—matrimony adulterated with adultery—and would be hard to surpass for pure silliness.

Of a widely different quality and calibre are the three fragments from Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*. These seem to me quite the most important music for the stage that has been heard in some time. While Berg's Schönberg affiliations have been much advertised, he is certainly far too individual to be placed in a frame as a disciple of any school. In this music, he has evidently begun, as all real creators do, with a genuine emotional impulse for utterance. The Büchner play, instinct with horror and pity for the sordid tragedy of the miserable human whom it depicts, furnished a congenial subject. In conceiving the music, he seems to have started under his professor's atonal yoke; but, under the whip of inspiration, he has, for the most part, not hesitated to cast theory to the winds.

The truth of this is unconsciously admitted in the program notes by Willi Reich, a Teutonic critic, and evidently a kind of official spokesman for Berg. One need only compare these two paragraphs:

"It might have been doubted whether a composer would find it possible *to renounce the unifying bond of tonality* and at the same time integrate musically so large a structure. . . . Berg solved this problem to his own satisfaction by fitting the scenes into the frames of various traditional musical forms, thus attaining symmetry and unity."

"A poignant orchestral epilogue *in D minor* resumes the entire thematic material, in a powerful climax."

If D minor is not a tonality, what is it?

The actual truth is that, in the frequent pages where the composer has been roused to real tragic eloquence, he has inevitably been forced to base his music on an underlying but none the less present tonality which, being the mortar of musical construction, is the true means by which Berg attains organic unity: it may, in fact, justly be said that his music is dramatically effective in directly inverse ratio to its adhesion to the atonal system. However, it is, happily, for the most part not atonal—the worthy Herr Reich to the contrary. It is characterized rather by a highly individual type of chromaticization, having, for instance, nothing in common with that of *Tristan*.

That Berg, to achieve his artistic purposes, makes use of old musical forms such as the sonata and the fugue, should surprise no one. For these forms are in no sense arbitrary—they are the logical result of centuries of steady evolution tending toward a more and more intense and plastic emotional expression. It was not by accident that Beethoven, in his last and greatest period, that of simplification and ruthless elimination of the non-essential, arrived at the free fugue and the apotheosis of the theme and variations as the ultimate in expressive potency. Consider, for example, the great fugue, dramatically interrupted in the middle, then resuming its triumphant march to a still more triumphant close, in the sonata in A flat, op. 110.

Berg's thematic material is decidedly original, and his score often reaches high levels of poignant power, having breadth and a large line. Particularly fine is the orchestral introduction to the first excerpt. His orchestration is that of a master, in its sonority, restraint and the sombre richness of its coloring. His writing for the voice, though musically of appalling difficulty, yet remains at least feasible.

It was therefore possible for Dorothee Manski to obtain beauty of tone without obscuring the dramatic utterance. She acquitted herself admirably, demonstrating that she is both a singer and a musician—a combination, alas! not always met with. Mr. Kleiber conducted brilliantly and with an evident love for the music.

I venture the guess that, in the end, Alban Berg will not be known as a Schönberg pupil—it is rather Schönberg who will live as his teacher. Is there any hope that, some day, Mr. Gatti-Casazza may see a light and give us new works of this kind at the Metropolitan Opera House? Not the faintest! So long as he is not definitely forced into a different policy, our diet of new music will consist of such things as *Jonny Spielt Auf*.

Paris Is Not America

(Continued from Page 395)

man. "Est-ce que c'est bon?" "Oui, *O.K.*" Pity the poor Frenchman!

Naturally the presence of the thousands of Americans themselves each year in the French capital add to this impression of Americanization. When on a fine summer's evening the native cannot find a table at his favorite terrace because it is invaded by tourists; when his wife's dressmaker can't deliver her new frock because her American clients must have theirs first to catch their boats; when on every side there is nothing but that same obnoxious foreign tongue—well, one understands.

And it is natural that in his wrath the native overlooks his blessings, those blessings which keep him French. How is he to know that in an American town the Seine would never continue to wind so placidly through the heart of a city, but would be crowded with boisterous pleasure boats; that the benches in the Champs-Elysees or the Bois de Boulogne on a fine evening would not be tranquil under the chestnut blooms, but thick with cheap "necking"; that dying trees would be removed from city blocks with scarcely a moan rather than that a million francs should be appropriated by a city council for their replacing; that fine old monuments would not be left for hundreds of years to enjoy their spacious squares but would be crowded out of view by new and useful things, as the spires of St. Patrick's have disappeared from Fifth Avenue because of shops and department stores; and that a goatherd could not wander through the streets of Chicago, blowing his thin sweet whistle and followed by his flock of black and white charges, to sell his little goat-cheese, for the chain-stores would undersell him?

No, Paris is not America.

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The Rise of a Roosevelt

(Continued from Page 376)

There was the incident at the annual convention of state governors in New London, Conn., when Roosevelt read the famous letter from George W. Wickersham, chairman of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission, recommending state co-operation with federal agencies and laws "so modified as to become reasonably enforceable." When the fight began over Wickersham's views —which, it turned out later, were intended as confidential—Roosevelt stayed on the sidelines and took no part.

There was the statement of Senator Brookhart of Iowa, who emerged from an Albany interview to tell reporters that the governor had expressed the view that if a national referendum on prohibition were taken the country would vote dry. Roosevelt never denied this.

There was the interview when reporters, sensitive to the rising popular insistence that politicians come out in the open on prohibition, asked him to state his views and the Governor put them off with the declaration that he would stand on the 1928 platform until the state convention of 1930.

Meanwhile, Dwight Morrow took from him the opportunity to lead the anti-prohibitionists, but Roosevelt was drawn out before the convention anyway when his Republican opponent, Charles H. Tuttle, indicated that he would have something to say on the question and Roosevelt beat him to the front pages with a call for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Sincere enough and with the ring of soundness (it provided for return of liquor control to the states, with those so wishing selling it through their own agencies, but at the same time protecting dry local communities) it was too long withheld and when it appeared looked much like other proclamations which office-seekers have been putting forth ever since the wet cause began to demonstrate its strength mathematically. Mr. Roosevelt might have seen that no matter what the West and South thought he could never lead the Democrats of New York State as a dry. If he failed of re-election as governor this year, his chances for the national leadership in '32 were gone.

When Roosevelt campaigned the famous "New Tammany" blessed by Smith, Wagner, now United States Senator, and James Foley, Manhattan surrogate, was still in existence. With this organization the up-stater had only the most cordial of relations, for in the scheme of things then operative Leader Olvany knew his place and kept it. But in the rank and file there was some hatred for the former East Side boy who had risen so far above the machine and as the Brown Derby rolled in the dust on Election Night Jimmy Walker, the patent-leather mayor, strolled into Democratic headquarters to "commiserate" with his fallen chief, with a smirk which told its own story. Within twenty-four hours the politicians were running out on Smith and the tale was on every tongue that the Tiger had knifed him because he hadn't taken care of "the boys" at Albany and was expected to do less at Washington. In a few months Olvany retired, the long denied district leaders jumped in to fill his place with one of their own number, John F. Curry, and Walker brazenly announced that Curry would give him his orders and "the New Tammany," whatever it amounted to, passed into history.

During all this Roosevelt, who had been rebuilding the party up-state, kept hands off. When the change in leadership was finally effected, he accepted the situation and did business with Curry. Tammany got its share of patronage and the Governor got co-operation on his ambitious legislative program. But with the old fight between them long since patched up, the Tiger has risen to plague him in another way.

With his eyes on the executive mansion at Albany, Tuttle, then Federal District Attorney, was digging up scandal after scandal in the city administration until the cynical electorate at last became aroused. The governor let the situation pile up on him as the Republican legislature tried to embarrass him with demands for an investigation which it dared not institute itself. But at last he had to step in, forced into it instead of taking the initiative as Teddy, or former Governor Charles Evans Hughes, or Al Smith himself might have done. Even at that, his steps were halting and indecisive and the Republican prosecutors, industriously making campaign material, were able to charge him with hamstringing their efforts by a refusal to grant them sufficient power.

Called before the special jury which was investigating charges that Tammany sold judicial posts to the highest bidder, Curry was asked to sign a waiver of immunity and stormed out of the room crying that he had been insulted. One after another the district leaders followed his example and Tuttle stood on the floor of the Republican convention and called on Governor Roosevelt to show that he was bigger than Tammany Hall. It was a piece of strategy designed

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to split the opposition right down the middle.

Stung at last, the Governor hurried to his own convention giving orders with every breath. With Al Smith, whom the Tiger "forgot" to send as a delegate, and Senator Wagner rallying to his side, he directed Mayor Walker to order his leaders to sign the waivers and introduced a plank in the platform making it obligatory for public officials to waive immunity when they took office. In the Hall the old resentment flared up. The college boy was trying to run things again.

But in a few days it had cooled off as the leaders were told to waive immunity only in regard to their official acts—they are nearly all jobholders—and the prosecutor, who wanted to inquire into their political acts, turned them down.

IT IS time now to put aside the consideration of campaign squabbles and look beyond at Roosevelt's ultimate fitness for the high office he covets and which, for the moment at least, he seems more likely to fill than any other Democrat.

Saddled with the reactionary Republican legislature which New York delights in presenting to the Democratic governors it unceasingly elects, his record of accomplishment stands proudly beside any made in the past by the superlatively able Smith. At the end of the last legislative session William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, praised him with the declaration that under his leadership "labor has very seldom secured the enactment of so many measures during a single session of a legislative body."

Measures providing for hospital and prison construction, old age pensions, surveys of the tax and judicial systems, all bearing the Democratic stamp, have been enacted into law. The twenty-year water power deadlock was broken and steps are being taken at last toward the realization of the St. Lawrence's vast resources. By a change in the personnel of the public utility commission the governor succeeded in altering its character from that of a judicial and largely useless body to one charged with representing the public against private interests.

Serious criticism has been leveled only at his power program, which is aimed decidedly in the direction of public operation. Without discussion in detail, it seems likely that much of this program is unsound.

In the close-up we detect once more that unfortunate quality of rousing more hopes than he can fulfill. The rare promise of his magnificent presence warms the hearts of men and women so that they trust him to perform any impossibility. Those who have dealings with him find the effusiveness of his good will a hindrance, for they often leave a meeting with the impression that he is committed to one policy, only to find later that he advocates its opposite. This leads to a charge of trickiness. Finally, he has unquestionably listened to the voices of ambition (and a rather weak set of advisers) and yielded to the pull of politics, whose almost irresistible strength is never appreciated by those who remain indoors dismissing their elected representatives with a sneer.

Franklin D. Roosevelt has no small list of faults. He is not, as an editorial writer once declared, one in a million among men in public life. Yet the conviction cannot be downed that in the truest depths of his being there is something unshakeably fine.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of November 1, 1950

An article in the current issue of the Publishers Weekly says that royalties are being paid by many publishers to the owners of the Soskin patents for perfuming various classes of new books. The most popular scents are saltpeter for war books, new-mown-hay for agrarian novels, seaweed for tales of the sea and roseleaf for romances.

Senator John B. Farmer of Oregon in a broadcast on Monday accused the Department of Agriculture of criminal laxity in its management of the air quarantine against the Bolivian orchard fly.

The annual report of the President's Commission on the Elimination of Unemployment, Sickness and Economic Waste will be issued next month in a volume of 5000 pages.

Rum, Padlocks and Buffoonery

(Continued from Page 383)

pass the guilty, it was too large to be handled successfully in the courts. By the end of 1925 enough arrests were being made in New York City every month to occupy for an entire year the attention of such federal judges as were available for prohibition cases, assuming that the prosecution asked in each case for a jail sentence, which meant a jury trial[43]. At the end of a year's effort, therefore, with the judicial machinery furnished by Congress, and on the basis of a jury trial and a jail sentence for each violator, the federal courts would have found themselves with eleven years' work to handle. By the end of two years' effort they would have been twenty-two years behind schedule. In ten years they would have lost a century. Admittedly the law was unpopular in New York. But congestion in the courts was not unique to this one district nor the exclusive result of its lack at this time of a state enforcement act. In this same year the Department of Justice reported that "United States Attorneys throughout the country are handicapped by insufficient legal and clerical assistance and in many districts are prevented from promptly disposing of criminal prosecutions by the inability of the courts to give sufficient time to the holding of criminal sessions[44]."

In the third place, it was clear that the law was further handicapped, particularly in the matter of jail sentences, by the unwillingness of judges and juries in many instances to impose harsh penalties. "In many districts the variance between sentences imposed for violations of the National Prohibition Act and those imposed for convictions of other federal crimes is striking," said the Department of Justice in its annual report for 1923. "Some courts which exact the maximum penalties in other federal crimes are reluctant to place heavy penalties on prohibition violators[45]."

Mr. J. J. Britt, of the legal staff of the Prohibition Bureau, informed the Couzens committee of the Senate in 1925 that in the states of New York and Pennsylvania "it is very difficult to get a verdict of any great consequence in either civil or criminal cases relating to prohibition matters[46]." Mayor Dever of Chicago described the state judges in Cook County as deliberately indulgent. "These state judges have to go before the Chicago communities for nomination, for election. They have got to get the votes of the Chicago community. The Chicago city administration is enforcing an unpopular law. The judges, being human, see what is going on. They know they are coming up for re-election. They know that if they are with the unpopular law they are going to be beaten[47]."

Faced with this double handicap of more cases in the courts than the courts could profitably handle and hostility to the law, or indifference to the law, precisely at those points where the courts

43. *Ibid.*, pp. 104-5.

44. *Report of the Attorney General of the United States*, Fiscal year ended June 30, 1925, p. 39.

45. *Report of the Attorney General of the United States*, Fiscal year ended June 30, 1923, p. 86.

46. *New York Times*, January 17, 1925.

47. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 1396.

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were most congested, the government fell back upon the only expedient available to it in the circumstances and established its famous "bargain days." Here justice was dispensed with a broad hand and no necessity for juries. On set days in the court calendars, large numbers of bootleggers, restaurant proprietors, hotel-keepers, waiters, smugglers, distillers and go-betweens would plead guilty to violation of the law, provided they were assured in advance that they would avoid jail sentences and escape with fines. This was the regular method of handling prohibition in the courts by 1925. Pleas of guilty, without jury trials, accounted for 90.99 per cent of the cases settled in the courts[48]. Enforcement of the law, as General Butler had complained, might not "amount to a row of pins after the arrests were made." There remained no other method by which the government could prevent its courts from being inundated.

It is a somewhat ironic fact that a committee of the same Congress responsible for failure to create sufficient judicial machinery to handle prohibition cases should have thrown up its hands in horror at the conditions it discovered in the courts[49]. The heaviest penalty for violations of the prohibition law which this committee reported in 1925 was an average jail sentence of 185 days and an average fine of $525 in Indiana. In the eastern district of Louisiana the average jail sentence was five days and the average fine $86. In Massachusetts the average jail sentence was three days and the average fine $127. In the western district of Kentucky the average jail sentence was three-tenths of a day and the average fine $148. "In New York City," said the committee, "in the federal court from June 23 to June 27, inclusive, Judge Clayton of Alabama sitting, the average fine imposed was $24 in 256 cases. Nine prisoners were fined $5, 132 were fined $10, five received $15 fines, seventeen were fined $20 and thirty were assessed $25. Only 63 of the 256 were fined more than $25. The maximum fine imposed was $200, levied upon two prisoners."

The fact of the matter is that by 1925 the government had established a new license system, differing from the old license system only in the fact that it was low-license rather than high-license.

(To be continued)

48. *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 70.

49. *Report of a subcommittee of the House Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic*, 68th Congress, 2nd Session.

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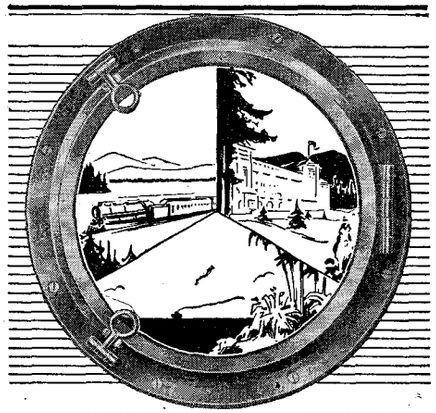

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Military Scholarship

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Shelby, Mont.*

SIR—I am not quite sure as to the identity of Archibald Rutledge, but from a perusal of his contribution to the Outlook, for October 8th, 1930, entitled "Miniature West Points" I am quite sure that he is either woefully ignorant of the facts of the subject which he attempts to discuss, or an extreme species of pacifist with an utter disregard for facts.

If Mr. Rutledge would take the trouble to investigate the records of our accredited military schools he would find, without doubt, that their educational qualifications and standards compare very favorably with any of our public or private schools; if he would examine the daily program of these schools, rigidly enforced, he would ascertain that it requires the devotion of a great deal more time to study than is spent by the average public school student.

In my mind a good many of Mr. Rutledge's statements are utterly preposterous and misleading, and it occurs to me that your magazine might make an investigation of the facts before printing such an article. Why not advocate the abolition of all forms of military preparedness and the scrapping of our national defense? Surely a couple of hours of daily military drills should not so detract the average boy from other school activities, including the assimilation of an academic education.

E. K. CHEADLE, JR.

Interplanetary Rockets

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Fond du Lac, Wisc.*

SIR—I read with much interest Philip Barr's discussion dealing with interplanetary rockets in the issue of Oct. 8. Mr. Barr handled the subject in an unprecedented manner, keeping enough of the technical but not so much as to talk in enigmas. I believe as he does, that in the immediate future we shall have sent rockets to other planets and possibly send people. This fond vision of mankind deserves much practical attention and the study of the best men of science. Let's have more articles of this calibre.

WALTER HASS.

Presidential Speeches

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Hancock, Mich.*

SIR—I want to express my dissenting opinion on your comment on President Hoover's recent addresses, under the title, "Two Hoover Speeches," as published in the Outlook of October 15, 1930.

You say at the close of the comment: "Their one apparent reason for existence is that they give people an opportunity to watch a President move his lips." An analogy with this would be a suggestion that your only apparent reason for writing that was to fill up some space in the columns of your paper. Emphasis upon the proper appreciation and upbuilding of our moral standards by the chief executive of our nation should certainly meet with a warmer response on the part of a publication like the Outlook.

JOHN WARGELIN.

Rotation of Crops

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Doylestown, Pa.*

SIR—On page 173 of your issue dated October 1, 1930, Mr. M. D. Follin in the course of an essay on farms and farmers presents an amusing viewpoint concerning both.

After setting forth all the problems that no farmer has to meet, Mr. Follin says concerning wheat, "they should have raised no wheat at all, save what they needed for their own consumption."

It has been a century since farmers have manufactured their own flour and other wheat products. The present use of wheat on the farms is confined to feeding livestock. If the economics of the situation began and ended with consuming wheat on the farms where wheat is grown, neither the farmer nor the public would have a wheat problem.

It happens, however, that prohibition laws have destroyed the value of rye which was the first money crop of the farmer. All farmers depend upon rye and wheat to pay their taxes and their mortgage interest . . . .

To sustain the soil there must be a rotation of crops which includes wheat in its turn and rye in its turn. Rye is selling for one-third the price of good clean sawdust, and wheat sells at the lowest price quoted in a quarter of a century.

These losses, however, are not to be compared to the loss incident to the soil itself due to the poverty of the farmer and the hopeless inefficiency of the United States Department of Agriculture which wastes millions and millions of dollars in perfectly ridiculous reports and needless salaries. All the work that the United States Department of Agriculture pretends to do is much better done and more quickly done by the state organizations, including both agriculture and education.

CLEMENT H. CONGDON.

A Kansan Protests

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Topeka, Kansas*

SIR—When any political party attempts, through legislation, to tell the people what they shall, or shall not do, right then that party digs its owr political grave. The Republican party, both national and state, has by law told the people they shall not drink "strong drink and wine." Not long ago (1880) the Kansas legislature said by enactment of its prohibitory law that Kansas people must be dry, and there is more liquor being used within the state today than in 1880. Police court records prove it.

We have enacted anti-cigarette laws. Yet there are more cigarettes used in Kansas than ever. Our lawmakers have tried to regulate everything but sunshine, rain, and drought. Our city fathers have tried through prohibition to regulate the conduct of our citizens, yet there is more drunkenness in Topeka today, than there was when Thomson with his open saloon ran the city. In fact, we have had to increase our Shawnee County courts from three to five, in order to take care of increased business caused by prohibition. Our laws are burdensome, tyrannical, and somewhat barbarous, written by men with little thought of the future, of what effect they might, or might not have, on posterity, or prosperity.

Senator Capper says "The Western dry states will control the Eastern wet states." Wonder who Capper thinks he is fooling? Does he not know that the "Western Dry States" have only one seventh of the population of these United States? So how is the West going to control the East?

Jonathan M. Davis, Capper's opponent, says "the Democrats are as dry as the Republicans"; that is true—they both drink out of the same bottle. But there is a difference; the Democratic mask is not so visible. If prohibition is not good for the people of the great state of New York, it is not good for the people of "bleeding Kansas."

I am a dry but I vote wet or not at all. The Kansas drys can be classed as prejudiced because they believe that one prejudice is worth a dozen principles. They believe in compulsory abstinence, but I want to warn the drys that compulsory abstinence is no virtue, if it were, our penitentiaries would offer patterns of an ideal life. Compulsion is arbitrary, capricious, and imperious, and not the best law to govern mankind; that is what Volsteadism is, and it should be repealed, along with the Eighteenth Amendment.

J. M. KENNEDY.

Too Much Prohibition

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Wilkinsburg, Pa.*

SIR—The Eighteenth Amendment doesn't meet with my approval either but I really do wish you would quit pushing your views on that subject in front of me *all* the time. Won't you, can't you realize a thing can be overdone? Do you have to howl about it every week?

EMILY M. LOWRY.

We Had Not Thought of This

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Hollywood*

SIR—It is easy to tear down; harder to construct. If it were not for what might happen to us inhabitants of the United States it would be interesting to have your editorial staff run the government for Herbert Hoover and show how little you know concerning handling large affairs.

F. D. BOYER.

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